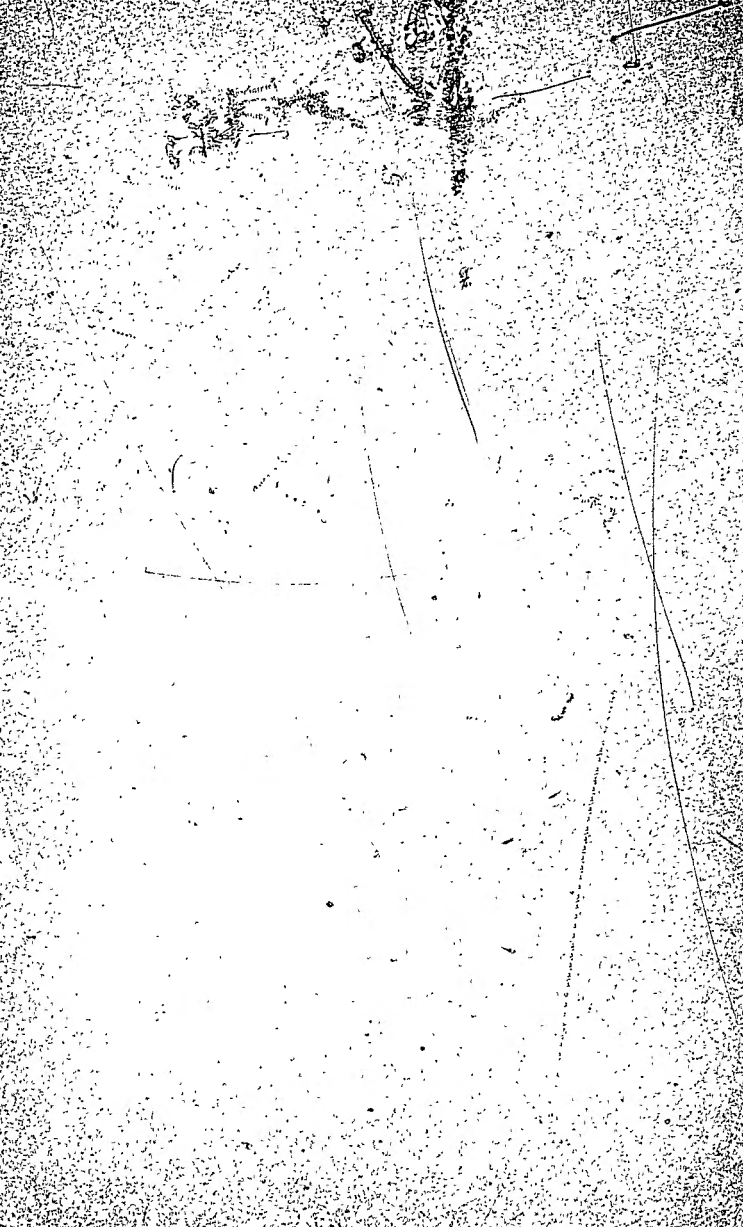


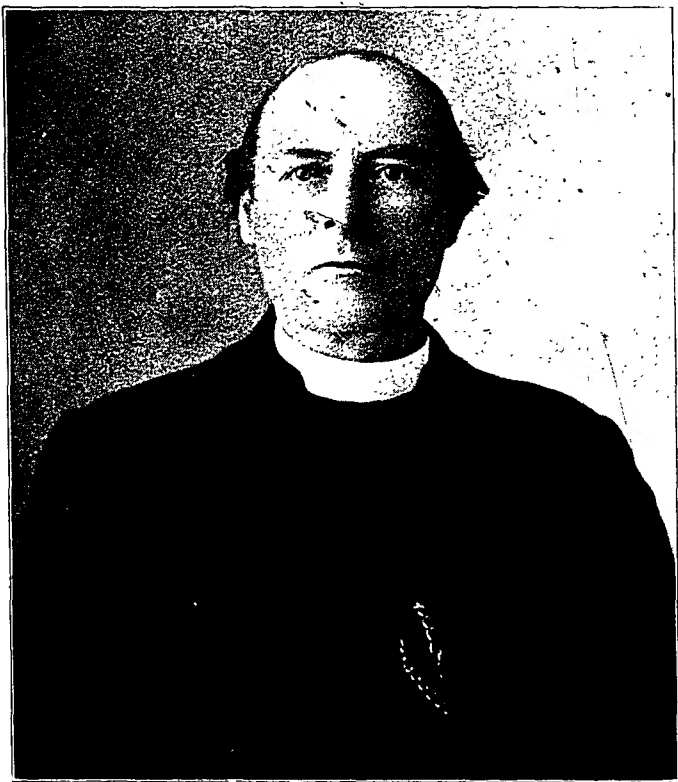
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*Yours sincerely*  
*Edward Martin Paget*

# A Year Under the Shadow of St. Paul's.

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Early Undergraduate Days in  
Keble College, Oxford

And Other Papers.

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By  
Very Rev. E. C. PAGET, D.D.  
Dean of Calgary.

AUTHOR OF

*"My Ideals of the Priesthood," etc.*

*"Silence and Other Sermons,"*

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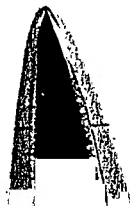
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**A Year Under the Shadow  
of St. Paul's.**

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Early Undergraduate Days in Keble College,  
Oxford, and other Papers.







# Dedication

to

The Right Reverend Edward Stuart Talbot, D.D.

Lord Bishop of Southwark

and

Formerly First Warden of Keble College, Oxford.

This volume is, by his permission, affectionately and respectfully  
dedicated.



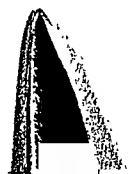
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## Preface.


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The papers here reprinted were written at various dates during the past thirty years and are now issued in book form for my own convenience and satisfaction. For as the relentless years flow on and the barque of life floats with them down the River of Time, faces which were once so familiar are withdrawn one by one from sight; and scenes upon the bank which were a daily interest and pleasure have faded into the past.

If, then, in the bygone times, we strove to paint a portrait here and there of those among whom we lived and moved, or, tried hastily to sketch some features of the landscape as it drew near and glided from us, it is perhaps a pardonable weakness to regard with a lingering affection these poor memorials of the years that are fled and to hope that they may not be altogether without interest even to those of a younger generation.

Most of these papers were written several years ago and deal to a large extent with actors who have vanished from Life's stage, and with events which are now ancient history; yet this after all should not detract, but rather, I think, enhance whatever of interest or worth they may possess.—E. C. P.

Calgary, 1908.





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# A Year Under the Shadow of St. Paul's.

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## I.

With whatever colored spectacles people view Mr. Gladstone as a politician there can be but one opinion as to his ecclesiastical appointments. They have been uniformly made from a desire to strengthen the Church by placing the best man in the vacant post. That at the present day St. Paul's Cathedral has become a name to conjure with throughout the Anglican Communion, has become a home and a centre of worship not only for English and Colonial but for American clergy and laity, is largely due to the admirable courage and insight of this statesman who selected Dr. Liddon for a Canonry, and brought Dean Church from a country rectory to preside over this mother-church of the metropolis. There were days, and not so long ago, when St. Paul's was little more than a sacred mausoleum, cold and bare, with little to touch the heart of the worshipper or to show the glory and the meaning of the Prayer Book services. The great movement which has transformed St. Paul's began with the appointment of Canon Gregory. I can remem-



ber reading in the papers at that time of his efforts to enforce reverence and order among the choristers and choirmen, and it was to him, I believe, that the formation of the large voluntary choir was due, which, with the assistance of some of the St. Paul's choristers, renders the popular Sunday evening service which is now attended by thousands. Shortly after the new movement began it received a strong impetus from two fresh appointments, that of Dr. Stainer (then organist of Magdalen College, Oxford), to be organist of St. Paul's, and that of the Rev. A. Barff, vicar of North Moreton, in Berkshire, to be Master of the choristers. It is not too much to say that the strong practical sense and sound Churchmanship of the latter, who is a close personal friend of Canon Liddon, have been the unobtrusive influences to which many of the most valuable improvements are due. And first, surveying the wide field before him with the skilful eye of a born parish priest (and what is he but a general in Christ's army?) Mr. Barff realized that his task of training a choir in the devotion, culture, and good manners which befit a great Cathedral service was hopeless so long as the boys were gleaned from any quarter and lived freely at home, or under no regular supervision and discipline. The erection by the Dean and Chapter of the handsome new Choir House, in Carter Lane adjoining the Deanery, followed therefore in natural sequence, and was a very powerful adjunct in the general elevation of the character and quality of the services. It was in the year 1877 that

the proposition was made to me to become second master in the school. Being then recently in priest's orders, after some consideration and an interview with Mr. Barff I accepted the appointment, and for a year, before moving to a more responsible post, I lived under the shadow of St. Paul's. Some informal and gossiping reminiscences of that experience may not be without interest to the gentle reader, for it is most true of such a building and of such an entourage as that of St. Paul's Cathedral, that they can only be appreciated by one who has had daily opportunity in the ordinary routine of his life of attending and observing them.

As a frequent traveller by the South-Eastern Railway I was, of course, familiar with the massive bulk and grand dome and cross of St. Paul's, as it towers above the warehouses of the Thames; and there was a certain awe in the anticipation of being connected, however loosely, with the services of that majestic Cathedral. Perhaps some of you, my readers, know every nook and cranny around St. Paul's; if so, pardon, I pray you, the following slight attempt to picture the scene to those who have not been on the spot.

Passing eastward from the Strand, through Temple Bar and along Fleet Street, you will come to a wide open space known as Ludgate Circus. Into this space Farrington Street opens from the north and continues beyond it southward about two blocks, to Blackfriars Bridge and the eastern end of the Thames Embankment. It is no child's play to cross this roaring, swirling mael-

strom of cabs, omnibuses and heavy drays, and the foot passengers may have to wait on an "island" for some minutes unless (like my friend G., the third master) they are prepared withal to dive under the horses' necks, and so perilously to wind their way through. Here first we get a glimpse of the great west front of the Cathedral rising from and crowning the summit of Ludgate Hill, which lies before us crowded by a seething toiling mass of heavy vehicles. Having safely crossed the Circus sound in wind and limb, we mount this hill, looking in at the windows of many enticing book stores, and passing the entrance to one or two narrow, quaint little alleys, such as Ave Maria Lane, which are entirely filled up by a single heavy wagon, and at the end emerge into the wide open space of St. Paul's Churchyard.

From this spot an excellent view is gained of the width and height of the great nave, into which opens from the west three sets of doors—the great west doors in the centre, which are only opened on great occasions, and two smaller sets of doors on either side. The cathedral is approached by stone steps running the whole length of the facade, and there is a wide space beyond them separated by iron chains and pillars from the streets. No vehicle is allowed to pass round the north side of St. Paul's, where a narrow lane runs between the enclosed space and the Chapter House and other buildings on that side of the churchyard, so that the whole stream of traffic must sweep round to the south and so on into Cannon Street.

On my right, as I followed round the wide stone pavement, rose the dull, dark gray walls of warehouses, and then, just at the southwest angle, I came to an archway wide enough for a single cab to pass through, over which were the mystic words, "Deans Court." Here, of old, on either side, used to stand the immortal Mr. Weller's "two coves in white aprons," ready to conduct him to Doctors' Commons for the marriage license, but this institution, like other picturesque features of the city, has passed away. What a transition! Outside the crowd of business men, the roar of traffic, the shouts of vendors; but once within the archway the quiet of an old Cathedral Close! I found myself in an old-fashioned stone-paved courtyard, on the right of which rose the tall, massive, dark green wall and door of the Deanery garden, over which were seen the tops of trees—trees upon which recently birds have been known to build—affording a veritable oasis of country life in the heart of the largest city in the world! And now a sound breaks upon the ear which seems strangely out of keeping with these surroundings—this quiet, dignified Deanery, these vast and grim warehouses—for it is surely the fresh, clear, merry sound of boys' voices at play. Whence do the cries and laughter come? Not, assuredly, from within the Dean's high walls, nor from that fine and massive building which I assume to be the new Choir House, for the voices are evidently not muffled by any enclosing doors or windows. Well, time will show, and meanwhile I pass through Deans

Court to Carter Lane, turn to the right, and come immediately to a high and strong black door with a mediaeval bell-handle beside it. At the summons of this bell a servant speedily appears and conducts me into the pleasant study of the Head Master, who, however, is not then at home; but while I am waiting for him one of the boys comes in and politely offers to show me my room and over the school.

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## II.

The first night under the shadow of St. Paul's ! A strange weird sensation, or variety of sensations, came over me as I lay in my bed on that first night in the heart of the City, and listened to the Cathedral chimes, which seemed very near at hand, sounding out the hours. As a centre of history and romance the site of the first Christian Church in Britain, which was erected over the ruins of a heathen shrine, and is now grown into the Cathedral of the largest city in the world, and is enriched by so many clustering memories; this seemed, indeed, to be on holy ground. And here was I, actually within a stone's throw of this national and religious monument of genius and devotion, in some sense, taking a part in its service, and entitled to be a regular attendant upon its world-famed worship. Besides the

solemnity imported into the atmosphere by the neighborhood of the great Cathedral, there was also the excitement of sleeping for the first time in the heart of the City. Not a bow-shot from the walls of my bedroom opened St. Paul's Churchyard, and from the windows of my sitting room I looked down upon the heavy traffic of Carter Lane, where, from morning till night, huge wagons were being loaded and unloaded amid the shouts of r cracking of whips, and an occasional heavy crash as a bale fell to the ground. Not infrequently two of these wagons would get wedged together in the narrow lane, and a consequent scene of confusion and uproar would last for some time. Precisely at 11 p.m. every evening, save Sunday, a strident street piano would strike up nearly opposite the Choir House, at the door of a tavern, and the lively airs would echo up between the high walls and through the still night air with a most peculiar effect, especially when they were stunned into discord at intervals by the heavy boom of the clock of St. Paul's. At length, however, even mystery and novelty were overpowered by sleep, and my first consciousness was of being awakened by the rising bell.

I have said that on my arrival one of the boys appeared—a fine, manly lad of fourteen, the second in seniority in the school and leader of the Decani choristers. Under his guidance I soon found my way over the large building.

The main features of the Choir House are the same as of most boys' schools. The east end was occupied



by the Head Master's rooms, the west by those of the second, third and music masters, the latter also being sub-organist of the Cathedral. Between these extremes the first floor was occupied by the dining hall and school rooms, and the second and third floors by two long dormitories. But there is one feature of the Choir House which is probably unique. As I paused at the third floor, naturally supposing that the voyage of discovery was ended, B. said: "Won't you like to see the playground?" and ran up a spiral iron stairway which led us out upon the roof.

This is perfectly flat, and runs the entire length of the long building. It was the happy thought of the Head Master to fence this in on every side with strong wire netting to a considerable height and thus convert it into an ample and airy playground, upon which sunshine rests and fresh air blows in straight from the river, and where there is plenty of room for lawn (or roof) tennis, prisoners' base, and other good rough and healthy sports. It was from this lofty cage that the shouts of laughter had come ringing down to me in the court below. This roof playground was a splendid place for recreation after study and singing, and also afforded a glorious view over the warehouses to the river and up to the Cathedral. Thither on warm, moonlit nights, after the boys were in bed, the masters would resort, and sit chatting in the still evening air, and admiring the glorious dome soaring upwards to the glittering golden cross, upon which the moon's rays would play. It was something like the sen-

sation of being brought into the near and awful presence of the Matterhorn as one is on the Riffel, or, nearer yet, on the Hornli.

Let us now follow the boys as they run down to wash and brush up in time for tea, which is at 6 p.m. The dining room is arranged on the classical plan, with tables on three sides and the centre of the room free for the attendants.

Punctually as the bell rings the uproar in the adjoining school room ceases, and the little fellows file in to their places and remain standing until the masters have come, and grace has been very sweetly chanted. On the first occasion of my taking my appointed place, which was in the middle of one of the side tables, I had almost forgotten the fact that these were the famous choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, so that the sweet precision rich tone and perfect tune with which the Latin grace was chanted came with quite a shock of surprise.

As you look around the room on the thirty fresh young faces you will notice that most are quite little fellows of nine to twelve years, for it has been found best to give them the full benefit of the culture and training before they develop into soloists. Their dress is the regular Eton schoolboy suit, with white turn-down collars and each is the perfection of cleanliness and neatness, for well they know that nothing escapes the keen eye of the Head Master, who sits so pleasantly at the centre table, and is constantly making little humorous remarks like the father of this large family. His train-



ing was perfect, and the good manners, entire respect, and yet playful intimacy which prevailed between the boys and masters spoke volumes for the high tone of the school.

After tea came an hour and a half of preparation for the morrow, at which the third master and I presided week and week about. I also took alternate weeks with the Head Master in being responsible for conducting the short service for business men and others which was held in the crypt of the Cathedral every evening at eight o'clock. Of this service more will be said hereafter.

The daily routine of our life at the Choir House was very regular and simple. All were down at prayers at 7.30 a.m., which were said in a room fitted up as an oratory at the foot of the west stairs: after this the boys went for a constitutional along the fine boulevard of the Thames Embankment under the charge of the two senior boys.

At 8.30 came breakfast, after which there was some three-quarters of an hour of school work till the Cathedral bells began to ring for morning prayer, which is at 10 a.m. The service usually lasted nearly an hour, and then from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. came two hours of steady work. In the afternoon after dinner the boys were under charge of the musical authorities for practice, and, of course, had a good deal of time also for play; while the other masters were then quite free. Every Thursday, let my readers take note, the visitors

to St. Paul's will find only a choir of men's voices at Evensong. This is the boys' holiday. After morning service on that day they are free to go home if Londoners, or else are taken out on some excursion at the expense of the Dean and Chapter. My friend G. the third master, a very energetic, cheery young fellow, a great favorite with the boys, and with everyone round St. Paul's, would generally take command of these expeditions. He knew every turn and lane and passage in the City, and would delight in leading us to some point or by some route which would utterly bewilder us as to our destination. At dinner the boys would eagerly question, "Where are we to go today, Mr. G.?" to which he generally replied, with a roguish laugh and an incurable stammer, "A country walk," at which there would be a succession of groans, for this thing the boys hated. Well do I remember once setting out with him and a party of twenty boys, who were always noticeable from their square trencher caps and the St. Paul's tuft in place of the ordinary tassel, through highways and byways our indefatigable captain led us, far out upon the Highgate road, on past the Whittington Stone, and then home again—that was a black day for those Choir House boys. The favorite resort was the Crystal Palace, next the German Reeds, and then, I think, the Westminster Aquarium. This being near and cheap was very frequently selected, and it was one of Mr. G.'s best loved practical jokes to conduct the party by every imaginable twist and turn into the Westminster slums

or out into St. James' Park, so as to make the boys feel that nothing was in store for them but to watch the ducks and boats on the artificial water, and then by a skilful and unexpected turn to land them at the very door of the Aquarium. Few persons, I expect, have seen more swords and canes swallowed, boy serpents, Japanese gymnasts, manatees, seals, white whales, and other monsters of sea and land than the writer of this article. How many times I listened to the sonorous command to "Keep silence!" while poor Zazel took her "famous headforemost dive of ninety feet," and was then fired across the central hall out of an enormous cannon, I should be ashamed to say. But the boys were always delighted with it, and in those days the Aquarium was well patronized, and I once saw the distinguished figure of Archdeacon Farrar in the crowd watching with interest the exhibitions of strength and skill.

We generally returned eastwards from Westminster Bridge to Blackfriars along the Thames Embankment. This is always in fine weather, bright and breezy, and affords a splendid opportunity for observing the busy traffic of steamers and barges and small row boats which cover the surface of the Thames. It was at first somewhat thrilling to watch the street gamins racing on the coping of the wall in defiance of police, and at imminent risk of life (one street boy was thus drowned while playing "touch" during my year at St. Paul's) but its use soon became second nature. There was also a gloomy old hulk called the "Rainbow" near Waterloo

Bridge, which was the subject of endless witticisms from our party. The most dangerous place was the wide crossing by Blackfriars Bridge, and I always breathed more freely when the small fry were over, but most of the choir boys soon became experienced Londoners and well able to dodge the hansoms and omnibuses. Soon after entering the wide sweep of Queen Victoria Street we turned to the left up the steep and narrow St. Andrew's Hill, which brought us into Carter Lane opposite the Choir House. Then there was a furious rush at the bell, and also a keen appetite for tea.

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### III

The Cathedral bells are chiming for Morning Prayer, which is sung daily at 10 a.m. At 9.45 the books in the school room are closed and the choristers go trooping over to St. Paul's in parties of two and three. Once out of the quiet court they have to dodge the heavy stream of traffic to gain the open space in front of the Cathedral and then to run up the wide range of steps to the southern entrance on the west side. Everyone knows the general aspect of St. Paul's from photographs and pictures, but I venture to think few casual visitors can have any true conception of the grandeur of this vast fane. For myself, I frankly own I was prejudiced in some sense against the classic style of the architecture of St. Paul's, which had never seemed to me to be so

inspiring or so consonant with Christian worship as the Gothic, and again as an enthusiast for Gregorian music in the offices of the church (the true rendering of which at St. Peter's Church, Folkestone, I had been early trained to appreciate and enjoy) I groaned inwardly at the anticipation of having to endure Anglican music day in and day out. But the genius loci, the vast and majestic proportions of the building, the matchless taste, reverence and beauty of the music speedily put these predispositions to the rout.

On entering the Cathedral a sense of dimness, height and wide expansiveness is borne in upon one. To walk up the mere length of the nave is "a task of no inconsiderable magnitude," and when this has been achieved, the worshipper finds himself floating into the sea of space beneath the dome. This circular space, which is capable of containing an immense multitude of persons, is seated with rows of chairs which are separated into convenient blocks by several passages. Beyond the dome opens the Choir, a smaller edition of the nave, and this conducts the eye up to the altar and sanctuary, which seem far, far away in the east. The eagle lectern stands immediately in front, and the famous pulpit is against the southern pillar just outside the Choir. It is pleasant to see the many worshippers come stealing in, their footfalls sounding from faint to louder in one continuous murmur, and very many kneel down devoutly in private prayer as soon as they have taken their places. Here and there a few sightseers of the old-fashioned

type stroll in and sit down and stare eagerly around, as if they were little at home in a house of prayer and expected to see some extraordinary sight. There, near the lectern, the Dean's family are quietly shown to their accustomed row of chairs by one of the black-robed vergers with his silver wand of office, and on the left we soon grow familiar with the faces of some of the regular worshippers like Canon Liddon's sister, Mrs. Ambrose, Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, and others of the St. Paul's society. The front row of chairs on either side is roped off for those connected with the Cathedral, and I generally took my place there.

Before the heavy bell ceases to toll the sweet strains of the organ steal upon the ear under the master hands of Dr. Stainer or Dr. Martin, flooding the great dome with melody.

And now we hear the sound of marching feet and the congregation rises, as through the iron gates that open to the south of the choir there issues the long white-robed procession, headed by the junior verger. Thirty young choristers in cassock and surplice come first, filing right and left into the Decani and Cantoris desks; then the vicars-choral and singing men, some of whom wear the hood of the musical degree. After these come the Master of the Choristers and the Minor Canons. These latter until recently were an independent corporation of twelve with power to elect their successors; in fact, it was but just before my coming to St. Paul's that this corporation had been dissolved by Act of Parliament.

the numbers being reduced to six, and the appointment vested in the Dean and Chapter. The first fruits of the new system were the two well-known Minor Canons, the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth (late Vicar of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey), and the Rev. W. Russell (late Head Master of the Choir School); these walked first and were followed by some of the surviving members of the old corporation. A second vergers preceded the Canon in residence and any other members of the Chapter who might be present. The four Canons of St. Paul's at this time were Canons Gregory, Claughton, Liddon, and Lightfoot, each of whom resided three months in the year, during which their regular official duties were to be present at the services during those months and to preach the Sunday afternoon sermon. Finally, we see the bent form and handsome face of the Dean's vergers, followed by the tall and spare form of Dean Church, who takes his place in the Dean's stall, which is the most western of those on the south of the Choir. The two minor Canons who are on duty for the month chant the service and read the lessons, the psalms and canticles and anthem being exquisitely rendered by the choir. On Friday there is no organ accompaniment, and on Wednesday and Friday mornings no anthem.

It was at first a very strange sensation to worship habitually in this immense building, the space and the height of the dome, the summit of which seems almost invisible, gave one the feeling of being out of doors. Then the pitch and deliberate articulation of reading and

singing necessary in order that the words might reach the horizon of the dome and the darkling distances of the western nave were at first unwonted and disturbing, but soon the novelty had worn off, and the fascination of that majestic and almost perfect service gained a complete ascendence over the soul. The reader may naturally wonder why was not I, a priest holding an appointment from the Dean and Chapter, vested likewise and taking my place in the Choir, and this leads me to remark upon the rigidity of the traditional etiquette in such matters at St. Paul's. No one who was not on the foundation, that is, a chorister, vicar-choral, minor canon, prebendary canon or dean (save a special preacher) could by the rule wear his surplice and sit with the Clergy at the statutable services of Morning and Evening Prayer. Even the Head Master himself had to be appointed by the Dean and Chapter to some sinecure office—that of sub-chancellor, I think—in order that he might vest and occupy the absent Chancellor's stall. The sub-organist told me that on one occasion, before he was acquainted with the strictness of the Cathedral use, he put on cassock and surplice to take Dr. Stainer's place in the Choir on a certain Friday, whereupon there arose quite a little tempest among the Vicars-Choral at this unauthorized intrusion ! This rule, however, only applied to the two regular daily services.

As the congregation disperses towards the north door and towards the west, we will go with them and observe the interior a little more at leisure.



Glancing upwards ere we leave the dome we notice the "Whispering Gallery" running round about a hundred feet overhead, and then what are called the "Quarter Galleries," which are sometimes occupied by visitors for some great musical service. The mere sight of the diminutive figures at this giddy height almost turns the brain dizzy. The nave is an enormous parallelogram supported by a double row of very massive columns, and following down the south side we come to a door which admits to a stair leading up to the clock tower, the galleries, and finally to the golden ball and cross. Pursuing our way westward we notice a species of side chapel which is now occupied by a statue of the Duke of Wellington, and beyond this a door which admits to the "Dean's Staircase"—a geometrical flight giving access to the library, the western gallery, and many of the innumerable rooms and quaint passages which abound within the thickness of the Cathedral walls. Crossing the nave to the north side we notice sundry monumental statues and tablets, and near the west door come to what is known as the North Chapel. This is fitted with Altar, stalls, and chairs, and there is held the Daily Celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a.m., as well as some occasional services.

Soon after the general reform and quickening of life had begun, the Dean, Dr. Liddon, and others felt that as St. Paul's ought to set the standard of church worship in other ways so especially ought it to restore the daily observances of the Divine command, "Do this

in remembrance of Me." The members of some of the Cathedral families were glad to promise their attendance on certain mornings so that a regular sequence of worshippers and communicants was ensured. During the year that I lived under the shadow of St. Paul's it was one of the greatest refreshments and delights to be able not only to attend this service, but to exercise the priestly office in this noble church. The arrangements for the Celebration were as follows : On Tuesday mornings the Canon in residence, or Canon Gregory, generally celebrated, being served by one of the new minor canons. On Mondays and Saturdays the two minor canons, Shuttleworth and Russell, would celebrate and serve; on Wednesday the head master, the Rev. A. Barff, celebrated and I served him, and on Friday I celebrated and he acted as server. Thursday was always the Dean's morning. On one or two occasions I had the honor of serving for the Dean himself, preceding him from the Dean's vestry, which is to the south of the Choir, through the dome and down the whole length of the nave to the chapel. Some interesting and touching memories are bound up with this much prized duty. I remember on one Friday morning, as I was ascending the steps to vest for the service, Canon Liddon, who was just in front, turned round and said to me, "There is a gentleman who wants to speak to you, Mr. Paget," and an old man, whose grief almost made him unintelligible, told me that this was the day of the month on which a dear daughter had died in St. Helena, and it was his custom to remem-



ber her before the altar on that day, and he prayed me as the Celebrant to do the same. On another morning when I was serving for Mr. Barff I enjoyed a privilege which probably falls to very few clergy—that of assisting in administering the Blessed Sacrament to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then Bishop of Truro, and a guest of Canon Lightfoot.

On Good Friday morning it was my privilege to serve for Canon Gregory, and to read the Epistle and Gospel, the Dean, Mr. Liddon, and others being present, and I well recall the stillness and solemnity of the service on that day, while the story of the Passion was being read. That was the first Good Friday on which the Three Hours' Service was held at St. Paul's. It was ably rendered and very well attended in spite of some absurd opposition of the Church Association, who pretended to think it a Romanizing innovation.

Many quaint characters abound in the neighborhood of St. Paul's and are very constant attendants at the Cathedral. Among others was a very remarkable lady who claimed to be a descendant of the royal house of Stuart. She was tall, decidedly of the Stuart cast of feature, and walked with much dignity, though clad in somewhat shabby raiment. When attending the service she would always rise and march out at its close before the Dean or any of the clergy, holding her handkerchief in her clasped hands with quite a majestic mien. G., our third master, who was well acquainted with St. Paul's, used to say that there were many such semi-

insane people who seemed to regard the Cathedral as their natural home. Besides the North Chapel of which I have spoken a portion of the crypt beneath the Choir had been quite handsomely fitted up with a carved oak altar and a memorial window, and this is used for early Morning Prayer and for the 8 p.m. Compline service. As this service is something very unique and unlike anything which the ordinary visitor sees or expects to see at St. Paul's, I will ask my readers to imagine that it is my week on duty, and to accompany me to it. We will suppose that it is also my week to preside at the preparatory studies, and, indeed, we generally so arranged it. At ten minutes to eight I would leave the boys to the care of a monitor and step out into the fresh evening air in Carter Lane, and it may be said in passing that owing to the splendid system of drainage there is no purer or more healthy air than that of the City of London. On reaching the Churchyard, which is now quiet, save for an occasional cab or bus, we walk round the south side of St. Paul's, pass the great southern entrance with its portico and flights of stone steps, and soon discern a little gate standing open which admits us to a narrow postern door in the massive walls. All this is very like the stories we have read of old St. Paul's and of the Tower of London, and there certainly is a sense of awe in entering this narrow and dimly-lighted passage in the still evening. After a few steps, however, we come to a gentleman standing at the head of some more stairs who hands us a hymn book and

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paper of the service, and then we descend into the Crypt itself. Imagine yourself beneath a long, low-vaulted roof supported by pillars of immense thickness which divide up the floor space almost into a series of alcoves. Here and there a jet of gas illuminates the obscurity, and makes visible several stone tombs and monuments as we pass onward and at length come to the space which is seated with chairs and in view of the Altar, which is appropriately fitted with cross, vases and candlesticks. Here, quietly kneeling among the columns, and in various corners, we find quite a number of persons, mostly men, with a scattering of some of the Cathedral ladies and their households.

Why, you ask are all these men thus assembled for prayer in this subterranean place? They are some of the many young business clerks who lodge in the great warehouses which abound in the neighborhood: This night service was a happy thought of one of their number, who requested the Dean and Chapter to provide it. The young men manage everything for themselves, save that the service is conducted by one of the clergy from the Choir House. Having put on my surplice and cassock I go to the desk and say the office, which is just a simple form of Compline. The Psalms are chanted to Gregorian tones without any accompaniment—the priest chants one verse, and the people the other—and a hymn is also sung, the sound of the grand church music reverberating beneath the vaulted roof and echoing in all the distant and invisible places was most impressive. It gave one

some idea of the ancient worship in the Catacombs. Anything less stiff, formal or Cathedral-like than this little evening service cannot be imagined. The regularity and good numbers of the congregation attested the appreciation with which this fresh effort of the St. Paul's clergy to care for the vast multitude of souls around them was regarded. On a Saint's Day Mr. Barff or I would give a short address, but ordinarily the service was just the Evening Prayer of the City of London, said kneeling in its own great church after the labors of the day were ended.

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#### IV.

A Sunday at St. Paul's Cathedral ! Many a country visitor and stranger from afar looks forward to this as the goal of his pilgrimage to the Metropolis, and yet how can one such visit do more than yield a series of confused and often erroneous impressions ?

Let me then try briefly to picture such a Sunday as it came round weekly to us residents of the City.

It is nearly eight o'clock in the morning, and the big bell is slowly booming out its solemn summons when we leave the Choir House, cross over to the Cathedral, and enter the North Chapel, which is well filled with the families and clergy of the Cathedral, some business men, and one or two of the elder boys. A few moments before the bell ceases the tread of the approaching clergy

is heard echoing down the stone pavement and gradually drawing nearer. The vergers enter first and stand respectfully aside to allow the two clergy to advance to the Altar. The first of these is the genial and popular Minor Canon Shuttleworth, whose dark hair, ruddy cheeks and stalwart figure give one a comfortable sense of country air and vigor in the midst of the city. And who is the priest following him? No Oxford man can be for a moment in doubt. The spare figure and bowed head, the beautiful features of the clean-shaven face crowned with silver hair, can belong to none other than the famous preacher, the Chrysostom of the English Church, H. P. Liddon, Professor of Christchurch, Oxford, and Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. It is December, and his month of residence, and therefore he is the Celebrant this morning. No one who has been present at the Holy Eucharist when Dr. Liddon celebrates will ever forget the impression made by the low but perfectly clear and earnest tones of his wonderful voice, and the humble and awe-stricken manner in which he discharges this highest function of the Christian priesthood. Certain turns of expression and modes of pronunciation are so characteristic of the man that they linger in one's memory for years.

This service ended we return to breakfast, and then there is a quiet time while the boys learn the Collect for the day to repeat to Mr. Barff, until the bell rings out again for the later service. The long morning service at St. Paul's, consisting of choral Matins, Litany

and High Celebration, with a long sermon from one of the Prebendaries, is not very attractive to me: it would be greatly improved by a division of services so as to bring the time down to a reasonable length. Generally, therefore, I preferred to attend the morning service at St. Alban's, Holborn, or to assist the Vicar of the struggling mission church of All Hallows' in the slums of Southwark across the Thames. The Sunday dinner at 1.15 was always especially good and bright to cheer and strengthen the boys after their long morning duties and to prepare for the later services.

The afternoon service is at 3.15, but as this is Canon Liddon's month we must not be later than 2.45 if we wish for a good seat. Already groups of persons are hurrying by from the various stations of the Metropolitan Railway, and are congregating on the Cathedral steps waiting for the doors to open.

In good time, therefore, G. and I leave the Choir House, and as we are crossing the Court the door of the Deanery opens and the Dean, with his family and guests, comes forth. Who, you will ask, is that man with the erect carriage, alert step, and high, intellectual forehead, who is chatting so pleasantly with Mrs. Church? That is no less a personage than Mr. Gladstone, who has been lunching at the Deanery, and who often, like his great rival, Lord Salisbury, comes down to St. Paul's on "Liddon's afternoons." We enter the nave and behold the concourse of persons hurrying in from all the doors towards the space under the Dome.



Already that space, large as it is, is well-nigh packed by thousands of persons, among whom we notice that preponderance of men which is always a noticeable feature in the congregations which are addressed by the great Preacher of St. Paul's.

Fortunately we are privileged individuals, and passing through the dense throng to the south, we come to a barrier and a gate at which a vergers stands sentinel and only allows those to pass who bear a card from some of the Cathedral authorities. Once inside this barrier we find even the large reserved space rapidly filling up but are able to obtain a good place about six or seven rows from the front. As the time for service draws near every available chair is filled as well as all vacant stalls or pews in the Choir, and the most aristocratic personages are glad to find a tiny cranny unoccupied or even to sit on the steps that lead up to the stalls.

And now the organ bursts forth, the choir and clergy enter, and the preacher of the day goes quietly and devoutly to his own stall, the second from the end on the north side. Next to him comes Bishop Claughton, his taller form and lawn sleeves almost eclipsing the slight figure of his neighbour, who follows the service most reverently. When the anthem comes, however, a vergers walks down to Dr. Liddon's stall and conducts him up the Choir and round to the Dean's vestry for a few moments of repose and recollection while the last prayers are being said. The Sunday afternoon anthem is always an especially fine one, and the entire service

is rendered as perfectly as the highest quality of voice, careful training, and a reverent spirit, can render it. Then, just as the closing prayer is being chanted, the vergers appear, followed with hasty step and bowed head by Dr. Liddon, who quietly mounts the great pulpit and kneels down in silent prayer. As the last chanted "Amen" floats over the sea of kneeling worshippers the same low yet clear tones that we heard in the North Chapel this morning earnestly recite the preparatory Collect, and then the preacher rises and faces outwards over the multitude of upturned faces. I have often tried to picture to myself what that sight must be for Dr. Liddon, for few men are privileged to see it.

The space is so vast that even from the elevation of the Choir it is not possible to view it in its entirety; only from the height and position of the pulpit can the congregation which crowds the Choir to the sanctuary steps, extends to the furthest verge of north and south extremities of the dome, and even streams away down to the dim distance of the western doors, be completely seen. The text is given out and soon the rustle and noise of moving chairs and trampling feet sinks into a breathless stillness of attention. In a few moments from the commencement you would hardly believe it to be the same humble, unobtrusive priest whom you heard pray and saw just now in his devotions in the Choir. The perfect style and diction serve as a fitting vehicle for the beautiful and lofty thoughts enunciated; and at the poise and cadence of each exquisite sentence the listener is

thrilled with something of the same delight that he experiences in witnessing and hearing the matchless execution of some superb orchestra. Each word, each epithet, is so aptly chosen that you feel no other word in the whole compass of the dictionary could have taken its place. Someone regrets that we have not a "thought stamp" which would exactly reproduce to others the ideas of our minds, but certainly the lucidity, precision and polish of Dr. Liddon's style, which recalls that of some of the best French divines, come very near to supplying him with such a desired mode of expression. Always thoughtful and original in their methods of treatment, Dr. Liddon's sermons have their deepest value in the clear, courageous and logical enunciation of Catholic Doctrine which they always contain. Dr. Barff, one of his most intimate friends, once told me that Canon Liddon held that no sermon could be truly a Christian sermon unless based upon and conveying some teaching about the fundamental doctrine of the Incarnation.

What the influence of his witness for Christ has been year after year from the pulpit of St. Paul's during Advent, Easter, and the month of August, can never be known till the Last Day, but it has incontestably been a most potent bulwark against infidelity, while it has deepened and elevated the Christian faith of the 4,000,000 souls in London and of the innumerable host of visitors from the provinces and abroad who have flocked to the magnetism of his eloquent voice. Once embarked in his enterprise the whole man seems trans-

figured, his bowed head is raised fearlessly aloft, and his classic features shine with the light of fervid devotion, while his beautiful eyes are as the lamps of his speech. The tone and quality of Dr. Liddon's voice peculiarly fit it to penetrate the remotest nooks of the crowded edifice. After he has spoken for a short time the stones of the temple catch and prolong the dominant note, which floods the entire Cathedral with a silver medium of sound through which the words soar upwards into the recesses of the Dome and eastward and westward through the Choir and Nave. The fire and enthusiasm which pervade the whole discourse warm and color the simplest illustrations from Scripture, the clearest and most unflinching statements of Christian doctrine, until they glow with a reality and a loveliness which disarm the hostile criticism of the half-believer, and reveal how truly the verities of the Christian creed are no mere dry articles or unimportant speculations, but that they are living truths by which the highest thought and action must ever be moulded and inspired.

It is little wonder that after these unsparing efforts in the Master's cause, efforts prolonged not infrequently beyond the hour, the preacher at the close of his sermons sinks back exhausted into himself and is often unfit for work for a considerable time.

On Dr. Liddon's Sundays we did not often feel inclined for any additional Church attendance, but quite frequently I attended and enjoyed the popular Even-song at 7 p.m.

This entire service is printed with the hymns to be sung, and the papers are distributed at the doors so that the large congregation which assembles from all parts of London, and consists mainly of artisans and the lower middle class, can enter intelligently and heartily into the words and singing. The preacher at this Evensong is a clergyman invited by the Dean and Chapter, and thus some of the leading parish clergy from all parts of England are enabled to speak from the national pulpit of St. Paul's. The men of the choir are all volunteers, and only a moiety of the St. Paul's choristers attend.

One Sunday my friend Dr. Martin, the organist, invited me to the organ loft, which is reached by a little staircase just within the gates north of the Choir. The space within is very limited, and amid the various folios of "services" and piles of music there was just a corner where I could stand and kneel. It was a wonderful sight to observe the great performer presiding over this fine instrument with its many manuals, stops, couplers, and pedals. Never before had I so realized the difficult science of organ accompaniment; for the task of guiding, supporting, quickening or checking the choir beneath him, and the great body of voice from the congregation, must be thus witnessed to be appreciated. With every sense of hearing tense and strained, he would listen for the close of a prayer or lesson so as to strike in with the "amen" or Canticle. But when the last hymn was given out, with popular words and tune,

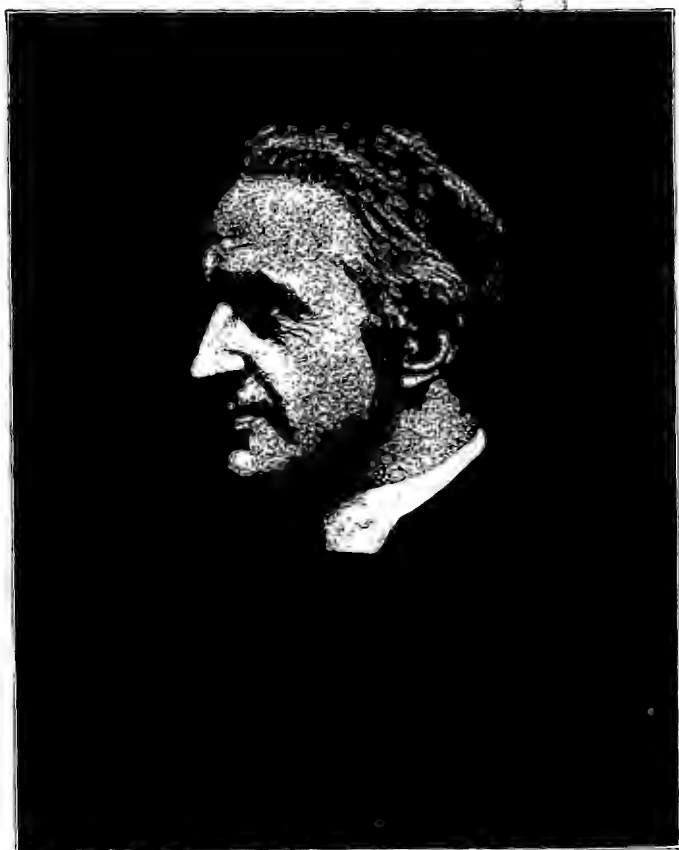
he said to me, "Open that little window." I turned aside a revolving shutter and disclosed a circular opening in the side of the organ loft next to the Dome. Through this I looked down upon the unique spectacle of the great congregation. The individuals seen from this elevation seemed almost like rows of pins in a pincushion. "Now," he said, "listen!" And in truth, like the low thunder of the surf upon the shore, comes rolling up in heavy volume as "sound of many waters" the people's voice in the well-known hymn. And now I can understand what Dr. Martin had told me of the difficulty of controlling this vast multitude in their song. Suddenly he ceased playing, and for a verse the choir and people sang unsupported by the organ, the voices tending to drag, and to take different times in the various districts of the Cathedral space. Then, with every stop out, with the full power of the magnificent instrument, hand foot and knee all in operation, the organist swept down upon the many thousands of human voices like a skillful ranchman upon his scattering herds, took them up, lifted them on to the strong stream of his melody, and bore them onward in harmony and order to the triumphant close. Yet sometimes he owed to me that in certain hymns like "Sun of My Soul," or Luther's Hymn, the congregation fairly conquered, and do what he might he was compelled to follow the volume of voice, and could only indirectly endeavor to keep it united and slightly to quicken the rolling of its massive waves.

This singular experience of a grand and devotional service, observed and enjoyed from this lofty position, is one for which I have always been thankful amid the many delightful episodes of that interesting year.

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V.

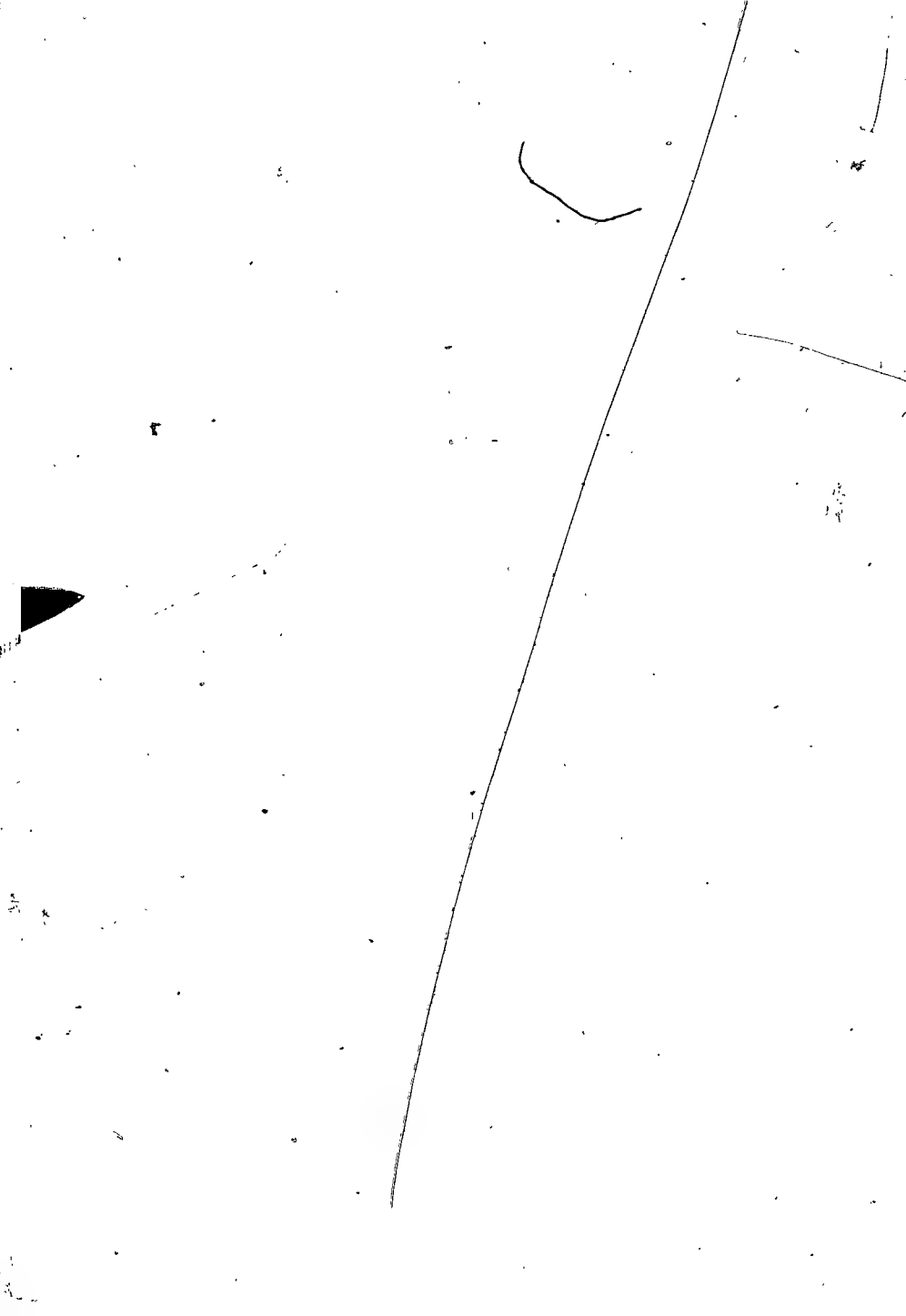
The question may occur to some of my readers, "How are the choristers of St. Paul's selected and trained?" The best answer is to describe an examination day. The inducements offered by the Dean and Chapter are an excellent free grammar school education, together with musical training of a high order; in fact, many of the old St. Paul's boys have developed into professional musicians from the splendid groundwork of this teaching. It is advertised that there are, perhaps, five or six vacancies, and that the examination will be held on a certain date. This announcement is sufficient to bring together in the Head Master's dining room a number of anxious parents and guardians with their young prodigies of vocalization from all parts of the country. To ensure a certain measure of culture and breeding it is decided that a rudimentary knowledge of Latin Grammar must be shown as a preliminary qualification. It was my task to administer this test. I can vividly now recall the scene. At the steps leading down from the Head Master's entrance hall would appear the



W. D. Holden.







sunny face of one of our senior boys, who, dressed in their best, were acting as ushers and masters of ceremony in high glory. He would conduct in one of the young aspirants of eight or nine years of age, bidding him "Go to that gentleman," then I would take down their names and ask them some elementary questions in Latin grammar, in which most would be successful. Having passed this ordeal they were admitted to the school room, where Dr. Stainer and Dr. Martin presided over the musical examination. It not infrequently occurred that only three or four survivors remained out of thirty or more competitors, whose voices were held to give sufficient signs of promise to warrant admittance. The successful candidates then attended the services and received instructions as probationers, and if reckoned satisfactory were formally admitted by the Dean with a religious service into the choir.

The double life at the Choir House, the life of ordinary school routine combined with the Cathedral and musical element, made it more interesting and diversified, and certainly during the time I was there the two parallel authorities worked very harmoniously together. Dr. Martin's rooms was next to mine and it was a privilege to be admitted to the friendship of such a master in the musical world. His well-known service for the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in B Flat was composed at this time for the Soldiers' Festival, and after listening to its gradual upgrowth, I was privileged to be present at the first rendering of it, with full military

orchestra, at that unique celebration on May 28, 1878. For some time Dr. Martin had also been working at the Anthem "Who so Dwelleth" (one of his grandest productions), and one evening he came into my room in a restless way, like one whose mind was laboring with a great project. He said, "I have finished the anthem, solo and chorus, and I am trying to find some verse of a hymn or other suitable words implying rest and trust and peace to set to a chorale for a fitting close to the whole." He then mentioned some verse which he had thought of, but with which he was not quite satisfied, and asked me if I could suggest anything. By a happy inspiration there at once occurred to my recollection the last verse of "O Paradise." On this being suggested, Dr. Martin at once caught at it, composed the chorale, and the anthem was completed. On the first regular rehearsal Dr. Martin kindly invited me to be present, and the rendering of this really great composition by the Cathedral choir was a high musical treat. When it was over the choir spontaneously burst into applause which the composer modestly acknowledged.

And now let us leave the choristers in the hands of the musical authorities for their afternoon drill, and go forth for a stroll under the shadow of St. Paul's.

As we issue from the door and turn along Carter Lane it is amusing to notice the sudden expression of amazement in the faces of the passers-by when the rich pure tone of the highly-trained voices suddenly bursts forth in some anthem chorus, the contrast between this

heavenly music and the noise and dust in the street outside being so remarkable. It is perhaps one of the last places in the world that any business man, hurrying along on some errand and jostling in the crowded thoroughfare, would expect to hear such sounds. On reaching the Churchyard we turn to the left, cross Ludgate Hill, and follow round the north side as far as the Chapter House, a dull, solid-looking building, where resided Canon Lightfoot and some of the Cathedral officials, and where various business meetings and religious gatherings were from time to time held. Here we turn up through a little passage and emerge into a narrow lane whose sidewalks will scarcely accommodate a single individual. This lane, beginning from Cheapside, lies parallel to the north side of St. Paul's, and a thrill of interest runs through us as we read the magic words "Paternoster Row." Yes, this is the celebrated residence of publishers and wholesale book stores, the emporium whence literature is carted away by the wagon load and shipped by train and vessel to the ends of the earth, and there is a peculiar interest in looking in at the windows of these massive buildings, which are so rich within and make so little outward display. Continuing northwards through another narrow passage we may gain Newgate Street, and come out nearly opposite St. Martin-le-Grand. In the midst of this passage there stands a quaint old stone, upon which is an inscription to the effect that this is the highest spot in the City of London. Or we may follow the Row a short dis-

tance westwards and then dive through a narrow little alley into a mysterious quiet space. Paternoster Square, where at a certain corner we read the name of Kingsley's well-known publishers, Kegan Paul Trench & Co.

Returning to the Row, and advancing westward, we pass the handsome offices of Messrs. Longmans Green & Co., a short distance beyond which this famous book mart ends in a lane running north and south to Newgate Street, and to St. Paul's Churchyard. Crossing this in a straight line the investigator enters a quiet little nook, closed by some big gates; this is Amen Corner, and within these gates are three old residences of Canons, and beyond them a little court in which three handsome new houses have recently been built for the Organist and Minor Canons.

We enter this still, quaint old courtyard and contemplate three dark, brick, commonplace houses, and think of what they represent in the world of music and religion, for in those days, if memory fails not, No. 3 was Canon Liddon's, No. 2 Canon Gregory's, and No. 1 Dr. Stainer's. So gradually the initiated began to get some idea of the small but delightful society that clusters round St. Paul's, utterly separated from that of the West End by all the mass of Central London, and yet pursuing its own refined, cheerful, self-reliant life beneath the walls of the great Cathedral, and in the heart of the busiest quarter of the City. Very kindly and cordial that society was, and the ladies of the various households extended a frank and simple hospitality to those who were connected with Cathedral duties.

At Christmas time Mrs. Gregory and Mrs. Church would give children's parties for the choristers, and there was then great excitement in the donning of best clothes, tying of neckties and buttoning of gloves. Many children and young people would gather from the families of the London clergy and others, and dancing would be pursued with great energy. Minor Canon Russell assisting good-naturedly at the piano. It was a delightful experience to see those fresh-faced, well-mannered children in the valse, polka, or picturesque "Norwegian," enjoying themselves to their hearts' content, while the venerable and distinguished Dean, Canons Liddon, Gregory, Lightfoot and Stubbs would look on with a paternal kindness and interest. On these occasions G., our junior master, and Dr. Martin, as being almost the only laymen present, were in great request, and G.'s radiant face and spectacles would be seen beaming in every dance. Then came supper, and then sometimes a pause to listen to one of Minor Canon Shuttleworth's celebrated ghost stories, which held the room in intense and tremulous silence. Then, from time to time, the Choir House would respond, and Mr. Barff's entertainments were always renowned for their excellence and good management. The large sliding doors between dining room and school room were opened, and a magnificent and spacious floor was afforded on which we have seen some most distinguished personages mingling with the young folk, and delightedly watching their enjoyment

The best entertainment given, however, was a sort of comic operetta entitled "King Marigold." The plot, dialogue and songs were the work of the fertile brain of Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth, while the music was composed for the occasion by Minor Canon Russell. For weeks Mr. Shuttleworth carefully drilled the boys in their parts; dresses were hired, a platform erected, and on the eventful evening the whole available space was literally packed with the members of the Chapter and their families, the parents and friends of the boys, and the vergers and servants. All went admirably, the hypocritical king and his courtiers in songs and recitations were irresistibly comic, all failing in turn in the required test of truthfulness, and so falling under the spell of sleep. Then came in the fairy prince with a beautiful song (he was our leading soloist) and then the waking up of the lovely princess (which broke the spell), and of the king and his court. It was, in short, not unlike one of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas in miniature, with an excellent moral running through it.

But besides these more general social gatherings, I can look back with happy recollections to one or two quiet dinners at the Deanery, where Mrs. Church and her daughter did everything to make the evening enjoyable, and the intellectual conversation of the Dean and his guests was always a mental feast. Of one evening at Dr. Liddon's quiet home, No. 3, as it is familiarly called, I have very lively reflections. Mr. Barff and I were invited to dinner, and having deposited hats and

coats in the hall, ascended the stairs to the drawing room. The first object to meet the eye on the landing and possibly cause a nervous start was a large China pug glaring at the intruders with glassy eyes. These creatures were then something of a novelty, and it was a constant amusement of the learned Canon to watch his pet cats, of which he is very fond, erecting their backs and spitting in indignation at this simulacrum of their deadly foes. Dr. Liddon's widowed sister, Mrs. Ambrose, who kept house for him, is a most gracious and charming hostess, and the conversation is of a quiet and cultured style, enlivened by some of those flashes of wit and humor which are the jewels that sparkle in the great scholar's conversation. The small party on that occasion was also indebted for some of its interest and pleasure to the presence of the well-known authoress of the "Life of St. Francis de Sales," and of many other religious works and biographies, Mrs. Sydney Lear, whose late husband was Archdeacon of Salisbury. As my seat was next to Mrs. Lear at dinner I can recall some interesting conversation with her, especially with regard to the value and beauty of the old Office Hymns of the Church, such as the "Vexilla Regis," the "Royal Banners," for Passion-tide, some lines of which Mrs. Lear quotes in her biography of Francis de Sales. And it was something even to sit at the table and watch the beautiful and intellectual face of our host as it sparkled with the animation of anecdote or repartee, or lighted up with fervid fire as some topic of deep moment to the Church or society was discussed.



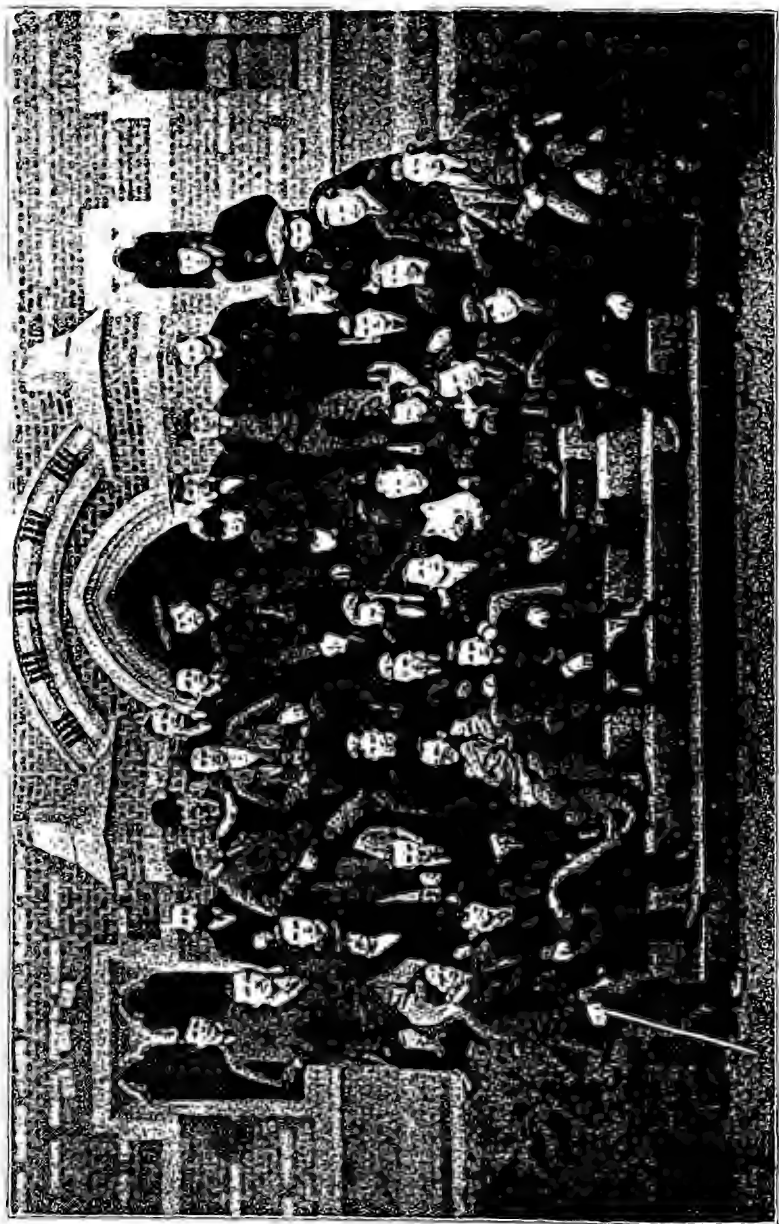
Great in his university, great in the pulpit of St. Paul's, whence he yields a world-wide influence, it was refreshing to behold the playful and unassuming nature of this great man in his own home circle. A deep but simple piety underlies his character and supplies the solid basis of his strength and the purity of his aims.

It is a characteristic of his thoroughness in every department of the religious life, of which few are aware, that in addition to his university and cathedral duties, Dr. Liddon voluntarily undertakes the visiting and caring for certain indigent and sick people in London, so as to fulfill the ordinary pastoral duties of a simple parish priest.


Vital personal religion, implying a sincere and practical conviction that the Sacramental System of the Church expresses the mind and conveys the Life of Christ is the force which has inspired and empowered all these eminent men who are or have been laboring so successfully in the service of this great national home of true faith and worship, the force which has gradually raised St. Paul's Cathedral to be a power of the first magnitude for blessing and for teaching, a power in extending and maintaining Christianity not only in London or in England, but throughout the entire Anglican Communion.

NOTE.—Lord Acton, one of the most learned and impartial of men, ranked Canon Liddon as the foremost of all the then living Anglican clergy, and strongly urged his appointment as Bishop of London in place of Dr. Temple.





The original group of the first Warden, Tutors and Undergraduates of Keble College, Oxford.  
Michaelmas Term, 1870




## Early Undergraduate Days at Keble College, Oxford.

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### I.

Oxford, sweet city with her dreaming spires, as Matthew Arnold in one of many lovely passages describes her, lies in the wide valley of the Upper Thames, or Isis, as it is here called, some sixty miles northwest of London. On either side rises a ridge of hills which curve in somewhat towards the south, so that the wide spreading meadows, intersected by the Isis, the Cherwell and sundry small ditches, all bordered with willows, form a kind of basin in which the city reposes. It was on a lovely day in early summer of 1870 that I first set foot in my future Alma Mater. "What are Oxford and Oxford life like?" was the question with which I had been assiduously plying every Oxford man that I met at the private tutor's where I had been reading for the entrance examination. But no answer could convey any very clear impression, and it was with much excitement that I watched from the window of the Great Western express for the first glimpse of the renowned city.



The train had left the main line and turned northwards over the Didcot curve, had passed on the right the beautiful hanging woods and gleaming river of Nuneham, and on the left the park and noble trees of Radley, when a stout, middle-aged man, evidently engaged in commerce or agriculture, roused himself from his paper and looked out as the train began to slow. "Ah," he said, "I suppose this is Oxford." What did he care for this name more than for Reading, Birmingham or Wolverhampton? Ah, how eagerly did I gaze out over the willow-lined meadows and the unsightly suburbs to where, in the background, could be seen majestically rising the grey and age-worn spires towers and halls of Oxford.

Nothing can be more prosaic than the Oxford railway station, nor more unsightly and wearisome than the long approach through poor and narrow streets, till suddenly you emerge into the classic High Street close to Carfax Church. All these things have now become clear and familiar to me, but they are perplexing enough to a youth entering Oxford as a stranger and with an entrance examination ahead. I can dimly recall inquiring my way to Keble College, passing St. Mary's Church, All Souls', the old Schools, and Wadham, on to the Museum and the parks, fronting which and behind a magnificent row of elms two handsome blocks of brick buildings, ornamented with some colored designs in the same material, faced one another on the opposite sides of a magnificent quadrangle. A small portion of another

building on the north side known as B Block was in progress, and on the south side the space now covered by the splendid Hall, Library, and Common Rooms was then occupied by a plain, one-storey brick building divided in the middle into a temporary chapel and dining Hall. The space where the Chapel now stands was vacant, the block running from the porter's lodge to the Warden's House (including the latter), was then un-built. All looked very new and unfinished, and upon inquiring for the Warden I learned that he was still occupying his rooms in Christ Church.

The foundation and opening of Keble College in the year 1870 may be said to mark an epoch in the history of the University. Two different currents of opinion had been strongly setting towards a change and an extension of the University career. On the one hand, towards the close of the sixties, the University Tests Bill had thrown these ancient seats of learning which the Church of England had founded, endowed, taught and controlled for a thousand years, open to members of any or of no religion, while by the introduction of what was known as the "frugal system" into some of the smaller colleges, it was hoped to make the University accessible to a large class of men with small incomes who had hitherto regarded it as unattainable. Keble College was founded at this juncture by many of the most eminent lay and clerical Churchmen of England,

in memory of the saintly priest and poet, John Keble, the author of the "Christian Year," who had then but recently died.

The College was intended to meet both these streams of tendency. On the one hand, in view of the practical secularization of the University, Keble College, by its charter, was to be strictly a college of the Church of England, and its teachers and members to be members of the Church.

On the other hand, by exchanging the old expensive system of "battels" with college and tutorial fees, for a single terminal payment amounting to eighty-one pounds a year, and by encouraging among the men a simpler and less extravagant style of living, it was hoped to open a university career to many who could not have attempted to pass through the older colleges.

But I hear someone asking the question, which puzzles many who have not been members of Oxford or Cambridge, "What is your ancient university system, and how are the colleges related to the University?" Well, the various colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, such as Christ Church, Exeter, Magdalen, Queens, New College, Wadham, Keble, Oriel, stand in a federal relation to the university, of which they are the incorporated members, in somewhat the same manner as the several States do to the Union. The University of Oxford has its own government, Chancellor, Vice-Chancellor, Proctors, Hebdomadal Council, Congregation, Convocation, its Treasury, Libraries, and University Church.

Of this authority the Vice-Chancellor, who is elected every four years from among the Heads of Colleges, is the present and visible expression. The University appoints the examiners, grants the Testamurs and Degrees, and through the Proctors and their assistants exercises all extra-collegiate discipline over the undergraduates. Every man is matriculated on his entrance as a member of the University, and when he attains to the Degree of Master of Arts can vote for the University representative in Parliament, and upon any important matter which is submitted to the Convocation of the whole University. On the other hand, until 1870 or thereabouts, every Oxford man had to enter and be a member of some College or Hall (as a few of the smaller ones were called). Each College possesses its own head, variously known as President, Provost, or Warden, its own Corporation of Fellows, its own corps of tutors, and its college rules and traditions, each differing somewhat from the other. There is much intercourse and intermingling between men of the different colleges, but at the same time a loyal feeling of men for their own college, a feeling which is sustained by the wholesome and friendly competition of the Schools, or university examinations, the college races, cricket matches, and athletic sports. Each college has its own colors and its own flags. The larger colleges, as Christ Church, Exeter, Keble or Balliol, number from 150 to 300 men, the smaller 70 to 90. If a man wishes to take an Oxford Degree, he will find that, apart from examinations, the



University requires a residence of twelve terms before the Bachelor of Arts degree can be conferred. Now, as each academical year consists of three terms, Michaelmas, Lent and Trinity, each of an average duration of eight weeks, it would seem that four years must be demanded. But by a legal fiction Act Term is reckoned with Trinity Term as two, and so each year of residence counts as four terms, enabling the degree to be taken by the successful student at the end of the third academic year.

And now to return from this digression to my own investigation. Walking back from Keble to the "High," and crossing it almost at right angles, I followed the narrow alley known as Oriel Lane, which leads between Oriel College and Spiers & Pond's fancy shop to Christ Church, Corpus and Merton. Turning to the right through a high stone gateway I entered Peckwater Quad, past the library and Canon's houses, under the Wolsey arch into Tom Quad with its fountain and tower, and thence down the quaint stairs under the hall and so to the "New Buildings." It was under the gateway leading out from this side of the College into the Broad Walk and the Christ Church meadows, which spread down to the Isis, that I first saw the tall form and intellectual and kindly countenance of my future Warden, the Rev. E. S. Talbot, now vicar of Leeds. After a few courteous and cordial words from him, I felt free to seek out the lodgings of my friend Burney, an old fellow-pupil, who had kindly offered hospitality. How vividly comes back

the recollection of the quaint old house in Brewer Street, running back from St. Aldates (pronounced St. Olds), the room with its pictures, books, nick-nacks, cap and gown and genial air of bachelor freedom and student life. My kindly host was a few years the elder, and in his last year at Oxford, but there was more of good nature than of patronage in his genial greeting and in his efforts to advise and enlighten a very fresh newcomer. In the room was a tall young deacon, just ordained, an athletic, cheerful young man, full of spirits and enthusiasm, who was just embarking on his first curacy at North Moreton. He is now the well-known Father Simeon, Superior of the Anglican Missionary Brotherhood in Maritzburg, South Africa.

The next day I remember attending with my friend the early celebration of the Holy Communion at the old Church of St. Thomas, which stands conspicuously near the railway station, and which was noteworthy as being the first Church in England where the use of special Eucharistic vestments was restored.

I pass over the dreary hours of the examination in Keble Hall, during which I first saw the College authorities and some of my future fellow-students. But at its conclusion in the late afternoon Burney insisted upon a good walk to clear away the effects of writing and anxiety, and so we strolled forth, down St. Aldates to Folly Bridge and thence turning to the left followed the towing path beside the Isis down by Iffley, with its picturesque lock and mill, on under the railway arch of the

Thames Valley Line to Sandford with its ill-fated lashers, and then were ferried over in a punt to a country inn on a little island, a favorite Oxford resort. The drowsy peace of that summer evening was delicious with the fragrance of flowers and herbs, and soothing with the lapping noise of running water. As we rested and waited for our supper we indulged in a pleasant and discursive talk, while outside the inn the rustic swains were discussing their evening pipe and glass, with an occasional snatch of some rural ballad. Twenty years ago, and yet the sweet and peaceful recollection of that gracious evening and the pleasant stroll back to Oxford is still fragrant in my memory. What need to dwell on the anxious interview of the following morning, the questions asked, the additional piece of Latin prose required (which seemed to seal one's doom), and then the burst of sunshine as the Warden announced in his kindly way that the examiners were satisfied. Every student will recall the sensation of such a moment.

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## II

When the Michaelmas Term began, after the Long Vacation, on October 15, we found ourselves, some thirty undergraduates, all freshmen, the first residents in Keble College. Passing in under the large gateway, by the porter's lodge over which were the library, lecture and

common rooms, one stepped into a magnificent quadrangle. A wide graveled walk ran round this, while the centre, which was sunk some feet lower, was laid out in turf. Going straight on from the lodge, the temporary chapel and hall were passed on the left, and A block (the only division occupied during the first term), was reached. This block consists of three storeys, with a white stone corridor running from end to end of each, out of which on either side opened the men's rooms, and at the end those of the Warden, the First and Second Tutors, at that early date our whole tutorial staff. I followed the college servant (popularly known as "scout") through an archway in the midst of A Block up one flight of stone steps to the second floor, then entering the first door to the right, facing St. Giles (number twenty-one if I remember rightly), I was in my first college rooms. Keble College having been built (from the designs of Mr. Butterfield) upon a uniform plan, there was little difference in the size or arrangement of rooms, save that in the centre of each block one or two were generally larger and these were allotted for the most part to "scholars" or "exhibitioners," that is, under graduates who in a competitive examination had won the college scholarships or exhibitions for a certain annual sum.

I found myself then in a sitting room or study of good height and quite convenient size with a double window and an open fireplace. It was furnished with carpet, book shelves and cupboard, a table and three strong but

not uncomfortable wooden chairs. Then, anxious to explore my domains, I opened a door and found a bedroom, small, but not too small for a single bed, washstand and sponge bath, which were all provided and the bath filled every night by the servant ready for a refreshing splash in the morning. Soon with pictures, books, and a few nick-nacks the rooms became quite cheerful and homelike. At the following Easter, however, I was able to change them for the front room (No. 16), next to those of the senior tutor, looking out upon the quad. The rooms adjoined those of an exhibitioner, Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, a genial and pleasant young American, who is now probably the most famous Keble graduate, and known in London society and elsewhere as Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the husband of the wealthy and philanthropic Baroness Burdett-Coutts. These rooms remained mine throughout my undergraduate life, and I have again and again looked into them on subsequent visits with affectionate remembrance of hard work, happy companionship and conversations such as only student life can know.

At 6 p.m. the dinner bell summoned us, a somewhat forlorn band of freshmen, with no senior men to take the lead or teach us the traditions of the College and of Oxford life, to one corner of the large Hall. The Warden sat at the "high table," which ran across the end of the hall on an elevated dais, and was supported by the senior tutor, the Rev. L. G. Milne, now Bishop of Bombay, and Mr. (now the Rev.) W.

Lock. The Warden carved with energy for the whole party of thirty men, and I have since heard rumors that grave anxieties were entertained at the time lest the joint of beef should fail. However, in a few days all had settled down into a comfortable routine, and our fare at breakfast lunch and dinner was always plentiful in quantity and generally excellent in quality. After dinner came the social hour when men invited their friends to their rooms for a pleasant chat and cup of tea, and then at eight or nine the reading men went to work. At nine the big bell of Tom Tower tolled over the city for five minutes, signal that all college gates were to be closed and locked. Any man coming in after this hour had his name taken down by the porter; from eleven to twelve there was a fine of one shilling, later than this a very heavy fine. At 10.15 the chapel bell rang for a short Compline service of evening prayer, attendance at which was perfectly optional, but generally fairly good. In the morning my slumbers were broken by the clanging of the dressing bell at 7.30, and at five minutes to eight the chapel bell began to ring. As the fatal moment approached men would be seen darting out of the archways and racing across quad, with gown or surplice flying in the wind, sometimes to find the door locked in their faces and to turn away disappointed, for at eight the porter waited for no man. On either side of the door stood two "scouts" with paper and pencil, marking the attendance of the men as they filed in, with extraordinary rapidity. Attendance

at morning chapel is, at Keble, compulsory, and looking back to my own undergraduate experience, and on that of many others, I for one assert it to be an excellent rule. A man was, I think, never censured for one absence in the week, at the second he would be sent for by the Warden and asked the reason, but unless he were a very hardened and obstinate offender little more notice was taken. After chapel came breakfast, a cheery, 'social meal, at which the Dons came in and sat in any part of the hall, making friends with the men and chatting on any subject of interest.

Our early days at Keble had this great advantage, that both Dons and men were young and fresh, there was a feeling of comradeship and of common interest in starting the new college on its way, and an opportunity for general friendship and intimacy such as is scarcely possible in older and larger societies.

At the outset various occasions arose for calling out this good feeling. At one time upon entering the Hall and looking at the notice board, round which a group of men were clustered, I read a request from Mr. Lock, the librarian, for volunteers to assist in arranging the books in their respective places. To the Common Room over the gateway, accordingly, I repaired after the 1 p.m. lunch, with several others, and there found a mass of literature which had been contributed from various quarters. Mr. Gladstone, who is the uncle of Mrs. Talbot, and who paid several visits to the College, had made

us a present of two handsome volumes upon Homer. Miss Charlotte Yonge had contributed a copy of her works

Some good friends had given us many heavy volumes of the *Acta Sanctorum* with which I well recollect toiling up to the upper library; I wonder if they have ever been opened? Many hands made light work, the Warden and Mr. Lock worked and supervised and thus a delightful afternoon was spent, and an opportunity afforded for rubbing off the shyness which freshmen feel in presence of their teacher.

Mr. (now Bishop) Mylne was a very cheery and healthy element in this young society. Himself the most thorough and "advanced" Churchman among us, he had joined the practical experience of a parish priest to the attainments of an Oxford First Class man and the athletic qualities of a former member of his college "eight." His ringing, musical voice and hearty laugh would be heard all over the quadrangle, and his Pomeranian dog "Smut" was a college institution. The undergraduates were assigned to the care of a special tutor, and I was exceedingly glad that I fell to his charge. He had two special hobbies, both of which he broached to me in our first walk. The one was to form a college boat club and "coach" up an eight as soon as possible, so that Keble College should take its place on the river in the torpid races which are held during the Lent Term. The other was to form and train a choir from amongst the men for the Chapel services. Over both of these



projects he presided, and both he led to a successful issue, and for the esprit de corps which soon grew strong among Keble men we have largely to thank the enthusiasm of Bishop Mylne, who, by fostering the boating spirit, contributed greatly to give us all a common interest, and to make us proud of the good name of our College.

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### III.

The position of the inmates of Keble College was, at the outset, unique. The College authorities were young men, the undergraduates were all, or nearly all, freshmen. Much at first in the regulation of college life was tentative, and in this there was an element of great interest, hopefulness and expectation. So was it also in the region of undergraduate intercourse. We were nearly all strangers to each other, and were the first to enter into possession of the comfortable new rooms, which, of course, were wholly unsoiled by any previous occupancy of generations of Oxford men. Yet we soon found our various levels and formed many pleasant and helpful acquaintances and some few lifelong friendships.

Ah ! How delightful were those early days of college life and intercourse with men of the same age and pursuits, but with a great diversity of experience, tastes and opinions, which added zest to the discussion of every scholastic, political or speculative topic !

Let me recall a few reminiscences of those past friendships. One of my first recollections of "breaking the ice" was that of being invited into my opposite neighbor's rooms. F. was a young fellow, fresh from the public school of Charterhouse, with a considerable taste for art and for travel, and he had adorned his room with some of the excellent copies of the Old Masters executed by the Arundel Society, among which the glorious representation of the "Adoration of the Lamb" held the chief place. The original of this picture I was to visit some four years later in the Church of St. Bavon, at Ghent.

But in my own case, as in that of many other Oxford men, the afternoon walk was the chief opportunity for conversation and for permitting acquaintance to ripen into friendship.

A light occupation seems most conducive to the easy interchange of ideas. In a country walk just the right amount and kind of distraction is supplied by the changing scenes, the birds and flowers, to suspend, from time to time, without breaking, the thread of some animated or serious discussion, while the exertion of rapid pedestrianism, climbing stiles, following field paths up hill and down dale, relieves the irksomeness of even an uncongenial companionship and contributes that healthy element of regular exercise in the fresh air which is so essential to good and continuous brain work. The morning lectures ended at 1 p.m., and from 1 to 2 lunch was served in Hall, consisting of bread, cheese and butter,

with a "commons" of cold meat for those who ordered it. By a quarter to two, in all weathers, men would be seen streaming out for air and exercise. The boating men or football teams in flannels and "blazers" made for the river or the parks, the racket or fives players for some of the various courts, while many of them singly, or more generally in pairs, started for a good "grind" up to Shotover, Cunnor, Bagley Woods, or the Hinckseys. The College authorities, by a wise arrangement, allowed (or enjoined) the servants to use the early hours of the afternoon for the sweeping out of the rooms, so that even if any "smug" in the idleness of his heart wished to lounge indoors instead of taking exercise, his life was made a burden to him by the noise and dust and subsequent chaff of his friends.

How delightful it was on a beautiful afternoon, having finished a good morning's work, to start with a congenial companion into the clear air and sunshine, and after perambulating the parks, which lay almost across the road from Keble, and having paused to watch some lively football "scrimmage," to strike off by a side gate into the willow-girt gravel path which follows the meanderings of the Cherwell, and later on being river-girt is known as Mesopotamia.

This favorite walk led up to Headington Hill, whence a fine view is gained, and the lungs are filled with the pure atmosphere.

On every Saint's Day, which occurs on the average once a month, all college lectures were suspended and

we were free after morning chapel to spend the day as we pleased. These quiet days afforded a splendid opportunity for recovering back reading, consolidating or reviewing one's work, and for those overdone with lecture or examination to take an entire and healthful rest. On one such occasion, the festival of St. Philip and St. James, I remember starting by an early train and visiting the quite distant cathedrals of Hereford and Gloucester, returning to Oxford in the evening.

Before leaving the subject of the Oxford walk and talk, I must recall a more ambitious undertaking of this nature, nothing less than to go down on foot from Oxford to London at the end of one Lent term for the Easter vacation.

With this end in view my friend M. and I daily increased the extent and speed of our daily promenade, and on one lovely day in spring, on which we had no lectures, started up the hill to Bagley and Foxcombe, through lanes fragrant with the early buds and flowers, to the ancient town of Wantage; which is in many respects interesting. It was the birthplace of Alfred the Great, the residence of the famous Bishop Butler, and also the model parish of the present Dean Butler, where Canon Liddon, and Mr. Mackonochie were once fellow-curates. Having lunched at one of the old-fashioned inns, we pressed on to the summit of the Berkshire Downs and followed their crest over the springy turf for some distance to the east and then descended through a perfect labyrinth of lanes to the town and station of

Didcot. It had been a delightful ramble, but oh, how tired and hungry we were, as at last in the gathering darkness we approached a small inn and applied for supper. It was not much of a meal, the people of the house had but newly taken possession and seemed rather scared at being asked for a chop or steak, owning that they had no meat in the house.

The little coffee room was dimly lighted by a single tallow dip, the long wick of which the landlady would casually snuff with her fingers during the process of putting the scanty food on the table. M. observed that a portion of the wick fell into the butter, but as he kindly refrained from mentioning this fact to me my appetite was quite unaffected by the episode. Many times since we have laughed over our experience of the Didcot Inn.

The last day of term saw us breakfasting in my rooms at 5 a.m. and then issuing from the college by special leave, each with a light satchel slung over the shoulders, we trudged off at a good steady gait, up by Headington, Wheatly, Tetsworth, to Stokenchurch on the beach-clad Chiltern Hills, and so on to London, which we reached on the evening of the second day.

Let us glance at another pleasant time of social intercourse. It is just after "Hall" or dinner, which is at 6 p.m., the white walls of my cheery little study, which are hung with pictures, are aglow with the ruddy firelight; on the hob a kettle is hissing preparatory to tea making. Round the fire several men are seated,

from nineteen to twenty-one years of age. There is "Mac," with square, strong Scotch face, indomitable capacity for work, and high, ringing laugh, now the Head Master of one of the large Public Schools. There is "Cygnus," with his high forehead, unruffled temper, and kindly blue eyes, now and for some time the respected rector of a quiet country parish in Kent. "Corvus," a tall and amiable Yorkshireman, and B., a man of general accomplishments and popularity, the president of the college debating society, and now one of Her Majesty's inspectors of Schools. These, with my somewhat eccentric friend A. (who imagined that he could sing and would make the corridors resound with strange, weird, saw-like screeches, which he called "practising his notes"), and M., the hero of the aforesaid expeditions to Wantage and London, constituted the circle which most often gathered in one another's rooms and discussed Oxford topics, and others more general. Then at 8 p.m. or a little later "Mac" would go off inexorably to his books, or there would be a lecture, or some of us would go to a debate at the Union, or would settle down to a game of chess, or read together until Compline bell sounded at 10 p.m. Out College friendships also count for much in the educational and social influences of Oxford life. It was at a "crush" at the hospitable house of Professor B. (who had been a naval captain, and who by sheer hard work and ability had won his way to a distinguished place in the Univer-

sity), that I first met my friend G. of Exeter College. He was senior to me by a year or more, and had moved out of college into lodgings in Ship Street. So gentle and unassuming was his manner that it was impossible to conjecture that he was the very possible heir to that ancient Earldom to which he has since succeeded. My first experience of an out-college meal was, I think, an invitation to dine with G. at his lodgings. Well do I remember the pleasure of that quiet evening in the quaint old rooms, the interest of listening with awe and respect to the conversation of G. and a friend and former school-fellow of his who were both in for "Honour Greats," having just gained a "First" in "Mods" (or Moderation). Both men had been abroad and were widely read, and the whole conversation was spiced with genial witticisms, Oxford gossip, and good stories about various well-known men. Professor Jowett as usual coming in for the lion's share. One of these anecdotes (most probably apocryphal) amused me much at the time, and may, perhaps, be repeated here as a specimen of undergraduate humor. The good Professor, while of the kindest disposition and beloved by his men, is said at times to have a singularly dry and caustic manner, and to delight in snubbing anything like affectation or "gush." An aesthetic and poetic undergraduate was once, so ran the story, breakfasting by invitation with the Professor, and, as his shyness wore off, began to launch out into somewhat sentimental and high-flown language, calculated, he possibly surmised, to impress

his tutor with a due sense of his superior mental capacities. "Oh, Mr. Jowett," he said, in an enthusiastic voice, "when, in the early springtime, the streams, unsealed of the frost, sparkle and flow through the meads, and from the cool moist earth the primrose and daffodil lift their heads and scent all the air with perfume, and the mating birds are building their nests and outvying each other in thrilling song that makes all the woodland vocal, and the lambs are skipping in the fields and all Nature seems to rejoice, does not your heart bound within you, Mr. Jowett?" "No," replied the Master in his most icily nonchalant tones, "No; have some more tea?"

There is not space enough in this paper to touch upon the more general interests, the cricket clubs and boat clubs, the matches and races that do so much to draw all the men of a College together, and, at all events for the time, afford to men of the most diverse temperaments and social affinities a common ground of interest and rejoicing or regret. It is often said that the general training of university life at Oxford and Cambridge is even of more value than the opportunities of learning, and certainly as we look back and seek to analyze the constituent elements of our character we may often trace some line of action, or some permanent gain in thought to a particular conversation with a friend, which brought the knowledge and experience of his life into our own.



## IV.

## IN THE SCHOOLS.

To those who enter for the University course certain fences present themselves at intervals which cannot be shirked but must absolutely be cleared, even if the top rail be scarcely a hair's breadth from the frantic hoofs. As you walk the streets of Oxford towards the latter end of the Michaelmas and Summer Terms you will notice men with a somewhat pale and careworn expression, in cap and gown, and wearing a white tie as if in evening dress, passing to or from their colleges or rooms.

"What are they doing?" asks the inquiring visitor. "Oh, they are in for the Schools," is the reply, which in Oxford parlance means they are passing, or hoping to pass, one of the university examinations, beyond the last of which the yearning heart beholds the Vice-Chancellor as in a halo of light, conferring the reward of the Bachelor's Degree. Perhaps a personal sketch may best convey to those interested in the subject what the course of lectures, studies and examinations was like to the man of average industry and ability in my days, some eighteen years ago.\* There have been some, but not very material, changes since that time. First, then, on entering college after passing the matriculation, or entrance examination, one learnt that there was a tussle with the examiners to come at the end of his very first term, a horrible repetition of the ordeal of matriculation, known officially as Responsions and familiarly as "Smalls."

The stricter colleges—and Keble at once took rank among these—required their men to pass “Smalls” in their first, or at least their second term under penalty of being “sent down” altogether, i.e., having their names taken off the College books. The requirements, if I remember aright, were one Greek and one Latin book. Greek and Latin grammar, Latin prose and arithmetic and algebra. We were told that a great point was always made of accuracy in the grammar papers. “Smalls” presented few terrors to boys fresh from the upper classes of Eton, Winchester or Harrow, who had for years been drilled in all the minutiae of rules and exceptions in the classics, but for those who had taken up the study later in life and had not passed through this discipline it was another matter. Well do I remember the hours devoted to mutually rehearsing with one's fellow-victims the various and surprising eccentricities of the Greek irregular verbs, as well as the painstaking “coaching” of my tutor, the present Bishop of Bombay. At length, in the gloomy month of November, the fateful day drew nigh, and with many others, adorned with white ties and black coats as if for a dinner or a ball, yet rather in the spirit of martyrdom than of merry-making, we wended our way, about 9 a.m., to the old Theological School, one of the large rooms in the buildings which are known now as the Old Schools.

I can remember to this day that apartment, Gothic but grim, the stone mullioned windows, the examiners, courteous, but withal stern. A little table with ink.

paper and quill pens was assigned to each man by a paper with his name on it pasted on the corner. Vividly comes back the recollection of the very place where, to my delight, I found my table, at the end of the left hand line, and so standing next to the window and with no one in front. Soon one of the examiners stalked solemnly round, handing to each of us the printed paper of questions, and then nothing was heard but the scratching of pens and an involuntary sigh, amounting almost to a groan as some writer comes across a stiffer fence than he could hope to clear. The sensation of first looking at an examination paper has been often described, it is certainly a very peculiar experience, and not less so to turn and glance round the room. There, next to your own table, is a man with his head well down over his paper, his gown bunched up on his shoulders, writing away for dear life, and a pang of envy strikes through your very marrow. How much he knows ! Next you look and catch the eye of a man sucking his pen and pondering, evidently in the agonies of doubt over some aorist or adjective, or ablative absolute. Further back, yet another is leaning back in his chair, his eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently the victim of utter despair, but my experience leads me to conclude that he is only making sure of his facts and will pass successfully.

After the paper work comes the dreary time of waiting for the viva voce examination, which, if there was a long list, even though a good many are taken each day, may keep men up for weeks after the vacation has begun.

This period is keenly disagreeable. Besides the suspense and the endeavor to keep up one's stores of learning and strengthen weak points, there is the unpleasant task of being asked to go for a friend's Testamur and having to come back without it. Or the monotony is broken by the news that some man whom everyone was sure of, had been plowed. Then one of the examiners was said to be very tremendous and over-bearing and to be "plowing" men right and left. It was, therefore, with a quaking and almost hopeless heart that at the appointed time I waited in the rooms where the Masters of the Schools, in academicals, were seated at a table, each with an unfortunate man opposite to him, who was struggling through a passage in Hecuba, or Livy, or being probed with some thrilling pertinent question concerning the grammar of his paper work. First, I can recall having to write out some translations and then having to construe a few lines, and then, "Thank you, that will do." The ordeal was not so dreadful as the anticipation, but then a suspicion arose—"Possibly he thinks it is not worth while to waste more time over a hopeless case." That same afternoon about 4.30 the Testamurs (or certificates signed by the examiners of the fortunate ones), were to be distributed by the Clerk of the Schools at his office. Two of us, if I remember rightly, had been from Keble that day, M. and myself, and among a crowd of some twenty men we waited the opening of the door and then pressed in to learn our fate. Men would ask for a Testamur, giving the name, the Clerk looks through

his list. "No, sir, not here." With evident emotion or well-assumed indifference the applicant turns away and then M.'s turn came, and he asked for both of us. Probably neither of us have known many more joyful moments than when the two strips of blue paper were handed out and the two shillings paid down for them, and we returned triumphantly to College!

Having taken this preliminary leap one gained greater courage to face the next "high jump," which is known as the First Public University Examination, Moderations, or colloquially as "Mods." The subject matter of the "Mods" in those days consisted of two Greek and Latin Books chosen from certain lists, a stiffer piece of Latin prose, rudimentary Theology and Logic. Honors, however, could be taken in Classics and Mathematics in this examination and a "First" in "Mods" was reckoned as very valuable for anyone who intended to adopt the profession of a Schoolmaster.

In many cases, however, like my own, men preferred to pass Moderations as soon as possible and so have the longer time to read for honors in one or more of the Final Schools. There is no need to recount the experiences of preparing for and passing this scholastic barrier, which was successfully achieved one year after "Smalls." The next step was to select a School in which to read for Honors. Let me briefly review the list for the benefit of the un-initiated. First came Honour "Greats," the celebrated Oxford school of metaphysics, history and classics, which is always meant

par excellence when you speak of an Oxford First-class man. Theology, Mathematics, Jurisprudence, Modern History and Science were the other Final Schools, in one or more of which there were three or four Honour classes. In order to take a degree, any class in the Theological school would suffice, or a class in three Schools was needed of which pass Divinity must be one. Having always had a predilection for the study of history I chose, with the approval of the College authorities, to read for the then newly-instituted School of Modern History, and have never since regretted the selection. After the relatively mechanical task of "grinding" for "Mods" there was a delightful sense of freedom and expansiveness in realizing that a year and a half or two years lay before one, unharassed by any examination, and with these most interesting fields of investigation to be trodden under the guidance of eminent professors.

The leisure moments of the Christmas vacation of six weeks were employed in breaking ground in early English history and so preparing for the lectures during the Lent Term.

The subjects required to be studied by men seeking the highest honors were arranged in groups at various periods, of which the one selected or recommended in my own case will serve as a sample. It comprised :

(1) The whole of English history, political, social and constitutional.

(2) A foreign period extending from the fall of the Western Empire, 476 A.D., to the end of the Crusades.

(34) The special period of the Investiture Struggle, to be studied in the original authorities, Lambert of Hertzfeld, Eadmer, and Bonitho, and the personal letters of Gregory VII. It will thus be seen that a most fascinating field of study was opened, perhaps almost too extensive for thorough and profitable mastery, but yet one which led the student through the entrancing pages of Gibbon, Milman, Guizot, Freeman, and Finlay, and the almost equally interesting works of Hallam, Stubbs, Lingard and May.

The theory of Oxford education is to train men to work, read and think for themselves. Hence while there is a prescribed list of books and subjects for each examination, a certain range of choice is allowed and a considerable margin of time can always be secured for independent reading.

The practice of getting up a portion of a book to recite in class is wholly unknown, save partially in the construing lectures on classical subjects. Indeed, in the latter course of study for the Honour-Schools every encouragement is given to individual work and thought. Let us visit one or two of the lecture rooms. Memory carries us back to a bright room, facing the Quad, where some fifteen men in cap and gown are seated at various tables and the present Bishop of Bombay, looking ruddy and youthful, stands at his desk giving us notes on St. Matthew's Gospel. These valuable lectures were for many of us the first beginning of any intelligent study of the Bible and the laying a foundation of

systematic theology. The future bishop was a deep and thorough theologian and used every effort to make the lectures bright and attractive to his youthful hearers, and to lead them on to an intelligent and firm grasp of the great fundamental verity of the Incarnation.

On the opposite side of the Quad, on the ground floor in C Block, lectured our third tutor, the Rev. F. J. Jayne, now Bishop of Chester. From his first introduction Mr. Jayne was always much liked and esteemed, his manly and courteous manner, his activity and energy, making him respected by all.

Attendance at his lectures was by no means a farce, as the writer discovered when working at the Stuart period of history. The lecturer would march from end to end of the lecture room dictating to his hearers just as fast as their pens could fly. It was a most formidable hour, and head and fingers were weary at the close. But perhaps the most interesting course of lectures to recall is one upon early German history delivered in the Hall of Oriel by the then Regius Professor of History, the late learned and widely-respected Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Stubbs. These lectures at the outset of my honor reading I was advised to attend, little knowing or appreciating the deep learning and reputation of the great man at whose feet I was to sit. So with a light heart and a notebook I entered the time-worn walls of the famous College of Newman and Keble, and was fortunately early enough to secure a seat at the centre table, near the lecturer. The names being taken down and the fees



paid, the Regius Professor, with his noble, intellectual head, and iron-grey hair and beard, seated himself at the end of the table and buried his face in a mass of books and notes. To hear him lecture was to be carried straight to the fount of history, for all that he told us of the beginning of the German nation and its imperial dynasties was read off, or condensed at first hand, from the old chronicles and original authorities which were piled up before him. Sometimes he would dive into one, sometimes into another, mumbling (I must say it), so low and thickly that it was a hard task to catch the drift of his remarks and to make any respectable notes from them.

This very difficulty, however, possibly added to the zest of the lectures and held every faculty at its highest tension, and on my return to college the Warden was not ill-pleased at the first attempt. "But," he said, "why not speak to Professor Stubbs at the next lecture and ask him to revise and fill in your notes?" Accordingly, having plucked up courage, I ventured at the close of the following lecture to approach the great man and to show him a skeleton of his previous remarks minus some of its joints. With the greatest kindness he insisted on taking the book home and returned it at the next occasion with the mistakes corrected and quite long passages written in. This old notebook thus enriched by the corrections of the famous historian and bishop is now a much-prized possession, illustrating as it does the thoroughness and the kindly spirit of all his work.

There passes through the mind a retrospect of many other valuable and even fascinating lectures like those of Andrew Lang at Wadham, and of Canon Creighton at Merton, and it was in attending these last that I once jostled against the late Prince Leopold, who, in his Scholar's cap and gown, was in no way distinguishable from the other undergraduates who were hurriedly entering.

But the subject of Oxford lectures would be incomplete if all notice were omitted of one course which at that time and for years before and since was an institution among the more thoughtful portion of the University men. On the first or second Sunday of our first term, I remember Mr. Mylne inviting a few of us to go down with him after Hall to Canon Liddon's Sunday evening Greek Testament lecture. I had never up to that time seen or heard the famous Scholar, Theologian and Preacher, who was then a hero and lion in the streets of his University and admired even by those who disagreed with him.

At about 8 p.m. we strolled forth to Queen's College, in the Hall of which these lectures were given. The long oak tables which ran round the walls, with some others in the centre, were nearly all filled with men, many of whom were Bachelors and Masters, for the city clergy frequently made a practice of attending these lectures after their evening service. Presently, with bowed head and rapid step, the ascetic form of the illustrious preacher advanced up the hall bearing a pile of books.

So young does he still seem to memory, so clear and fresh the ring of his silver voice in those periods of most musical and inspiring eloquence that it is almost impossible to realize that he is no longer in the Church Militant. What impression did he make upon our youthful apprehensions? I can recall the noble head, with silvering hair, the clean-shaven, classical features which seemed absolutely to light up and shine with his radiant and beautiful smile as he courteously addressed some friends seated near him.

Then came the preparatory prayer, very low but very distinct and reverent, and then the exegesis of the text which was at that time part of one of the epistles. Canon Liddon's method was to read a paragraph in the Greek, then with infinite pains to give his own translations, picking his way along a chain of exquisitely chosen words, and then to elucidate the theological or moral bearing of the passage.

It was Dr. Liddon's custom, during the course of the lecture, for servants to come in and hand round cups of excellent coffee, thus giving a hospitable and quasi-homelike character to these large inter-collegiate gatherings. It is perhaps little known, except in Oxford itself, that Canon Liddon voluntarily added this valuable course of lectures, term by term, to his many other duties without any remuneration, considering it as an extension of the professorial duties pertaining to the chair of Biblical Exegesis.

The lecture being ended, several of the Dons and some undergraduates gathered round the lecturer questioning him on some point or enjoying his genial and witty conversation. The Rev. L. G. Mylne then introduced his party as the first Keble undergraduates. We all much appreciated the honor of shaking hands with this distinguished man, who was himself one of the Council of the College, and of receiving his gracious and courteous greeting. The time came when the writer saw Dr. Liddon as the inspiring preacher in the pulpit of St. Mary's and beneath the Dome of St. Paul's, and in some other relations of life at Oxford and in London, but the memory of that first quiet and homelike Sunday evening lecture, and of that first friendly and almost paternal pressure of the hand fingers yet as very full of the most pleasant associations.





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## A Glimpse of Kabylia.

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Some readers of The Guardian may be interested to hear a little about the French Colony of Algeria which is now so frequent a resort for our countrymen in the winter, as also about the less known districts of Kabylia.

What I have to tell does not pretend to any research or fullness of detail, for it is merely the jottings of a short tour which was made a few months ago in the mountainous district of Northern Africa, and which was only fruitful in very pleasant personal experiences and in ordinary facts and events which come under the traveler's notice.

At first, carry your imagination with me, as having left the cold and fog of our winter behind, I crossed the Mediterranean, and landed on a lovely morning in the old stronghold of Moorish pirates..

Certainly to those who have never in their lives been south of Paris almost every fresh object is strange and fascinating. But it must be prefaced here, as elsewhere, that the secret of all real enjoyment in traveling lies in the utter abandonment of oneself to the spirit of the land visited; a determination to notice the special features and attractions of each, and to leave out of sight, as far as possible, those which do not so naturally commend themselves to our national taste.

There must be no "British swagger," no contemptuous indifference to native ways and manners, no ill-temper (or as little as may be) at the unavoidable delays and discomforts of the journey—otherwise the charm of the tour is lost.

Imagine yourself, then, in this ideal frame of mind, sighting for the first time, and after a not too comfortable voyage, the dim shore-line of the great Dark Continent. You should, at least, feel (like the man who slept in the room said to have been used by Queen Elizabeth) that you ought to have sentiments appropriate to the occasion. "This, then," we say, "is Africa, really Africa; those are African trees; that is an African lighthouse; behind those blue uncertain hills lurk (potentially) African lions; soon the soil on which my hitherto European boot will press will be 'Afric's golden strand.'"

And Algiers, too, is a gate of that strange world of Oriental customs, of camels and turbans and mosques and coffee with which our minds have been from childhood familiar, yet which our eyes are eager to see for themselves.

And as the mail boat of the Messageries Imperiales rounds in to the narrow-mouthed harbor and brings up with some retrogressive swirls of her screw, a picture straight out of the "Arabian Nights" lies before us, exceeding rather than disappointing our expectations.

Right in front rises the ancient town of Algiers—a white mass of high, windowless, flat-topped houses,

resting, so to say, on each other's shoulders, and peeping over each other's heads in tightly-wedged array up the face of the hill which is crowned by the Kasba fortress.

This building, as it frowns over the civilian dwellings recalls to our minds the stories of Arab prowess and the disastrous expedition of Charles V.—in short, as a wag in the company expressed it, “the good old Days of Algiers.”

Dropping the gaze from the town to the harbor one is attracted instantly and fascinated by the lively scene.

To the British observer accustomed to the unobtrusive bluejacket at home the sight is perfectly bewildering, and it is some time before he can bring himself calmly to distinguish between the blanket burnous of the Arab, the brown and white of the Jew, and the more brilliant attire of the Moor.

Boats pulled in an extraordinary way by extraordinary figures crowd round the vessel seeking a “fare” and getting into one of these the passenger is pulled ashore.

Walking up through a gesticulating and clamorous crowd to the Douane, we engaged a good pair-horsed carriage with an awning over it and a porter puts in the luggage.

A handsome young Moor, brilliantly dressed, springs on the box beside the driver, and away we dash through the crowded streets, up the long road with many windings, which leads to Mustapha Supérieur, the beautiful French and English suburb where Arab houses and



palaces rise up in the midst of gardens rich with all tropical or semi-tropical vegetation. I will not attempt to go over again the oft-renewed description of tropical plants and trees, but leave it to the imagination of those who have not seen to picture their wondrous richness and luxuriance of growth and blossom. I will, however, ask you to cross the court of an Arab house, and step out with me on to the flat roof an hour before sunset in order to enjoy the view. We have usually associated Africa, especially Northern Africa, have we not, with sun and sand and desert and flies—at least we are not prepared, I think, for the scenery at Algiers, with its variety and grandeur. Look now, and see if this view is not worth the long journey and even the two sea passages with their peculiar woes for which it seems at the time nothing can compensate.

From the wooded hills which slope down in semi-circular curve to the strip of plain which borders on the sea the view extends and expands for many miles, embracing in the foreground the lovely villas of Mustapha dotted about among palms and pines. Away to the left lies Algiers in its quaint and Oriental picturesqueness, having in front the busy harbor where, among other vessels, we may see the renowned "Sunbeam" lying at anchor. Then in front is the long stretch of flat country and the waters of the Mediterranean fraying their robe of deep blue into an irregular white border of foam where they touch the shore. But, best of all, away in the distance beyond the Bay and the plain are the glorious

Djurdur Mountains rising range above range till the loftiest peaks stand up behind their fellows conspicuous and glittering in a mantle of snow. Only on clear days are these hoary heads to be seen, although the eye ever seeks for them through the haze with an instinctive fascination, and so it was that as I looked towards these hills the desire grew stronger with each fresh vision of their beauty to launch forth from the point of contemplation over the sun-dried plain, over the shining sea, into the heart of that wild region which these giant sentinels were guarding.

In good time the wish worked out its fulfillment.

After a fortnight in Algiers, where the excellent and devotional services in the English Church made Holy Week a time of real profit and preparation for Easter to the large English population, and when the kindness of friends and the health-bringing breezes had well-nigh effected the object of my Southern flight, a friend well acquainted with the internal geography of Algeria suggested a week's run among the mountains which would have Fort National as its extreme limit in the east and include a visit to one of the missionary establishments of the Peres Blancs.

A young friend with whom I was staying caught at the scheme, for our curiosity had often been aroused by the singular and distinctive appearance of those Kabyles who from time to time come into Algiers to do their marketing. So, our worldly goods compressed to a concentrated essence of indispensable clothing and wraps,

we prepared to leave comparative civilization behind and secured three places en banquette by the night diligence for Tizi Oozu. This plan for intending tourists has two obvious advantages—first, the flat, district, intolerably hot in the sun, is devoured in the dark hours; and secondly, which reason my readers will probably think even more convincing, the diligences only start in the evening. A casual observer, who had stayed to see the diligence start, would have been amused at the number of our little bundles, and the multiplicity of straps. "Whatever you do," our experienced friend had remarked, "bring plenty of straps," and so it happened that there were little straps and big straps, long straps and short straps, enough to have strapped us all together in one huge bundle, should occasion have demanded it.

What a curious sensation is one's first ride en banquette. This, as you may know, is the high front seat immediately above the coupé projecting over the horses and covered in by an awning, after the fashion of a carrier's cart.

When once up, and provided your fellow-passengers are agreeable, or at least unobjectionable, the spirits rise with the body. The position is, in fact, one of the most delightful for seeing the country that can be conceived, and owing to the height the jolting of the diligence, sorely felt in the interior, is melted into a gentle swinging motion.

In this case, however, to our misfortune, there yawned behind us a dreadful third-class Tartarus, where, amidst all kinds of baggage, lurked some half-dozen Arabs or Kabyles, making their return journey. We

look back into the dim depths and discover the dusky faces and picturesque figures reclining in all attitudes trying to make the best of their quarters and consoling themselves by a real Arab cigar. The first impulse of the enthusiastic tourist is to cry, "How delightful, how romantic to be traveling with Kabyles," but the next moment an enforced amendment is carried, *nem. con.*, "Provided that they would not smoke that poisonous stuff." As the night wears on and the pipes die out and heads droop in sleep, and only an occasional movement recalls their existence, other thoughts arise. "Given an Arab with a knife and a burning zeal to carry out the Prophet's programme, 'the Koran or the sword,' and what a splendid opportunity for those children of the desert !

Amid such dreaming thoughts Col-ben-Aicha is reached about 1 a.m.; here we descend to stretch our legs, lowering ourselves from point to point like cliff-climbers, and in the inn are served with soup of extraordinary color, which the Garçon attributes to the vegetables used.

A little way beyond Aicha a road branches off up the fine gorge of the Issar to Constantin, but our route lay straight onwards towards the east.

Soon and imperceptibly the dawn stole up from over the hills and in an hour or two the sun himself was smiling down upon us as we drew near the end of our

first flight. Tizi Oozu has little to recommend it beyond the fact that you get breakfast there. It has a strong resemblance to a Western American city, and is not the place to stay longer in than can be helped.

The driver of the little diligence from Tizi Oozu to Fort National is decidedly a character; he had lost an arm in the late Kabyle war, but with the stump of his right arm managed his three horses bravely. Several times rivers had to be forded which must be in the rainy season a difficult matter, but now, with a wild whoop and thundering cracks of the whip the horses pull us through at full gallop, sending water stones and sand flying all round. After passing the last stream the road begins to wind up the hill on which Fort National appears conspicuously perched 1,500 feet above the river.

While walking up a good part of this long ascent we passed through the first of the Kabyle villages. These have a quaint but distinct character of their own, and are almost invariably built on the top of high cliffs, for the sake, probably, of easy self-defence, and for coolness. The houses, which are of stone and also sometimes partly of clay, look like an excrescence growing out of mountain, so closely are they grouped and so natural in their coloring.

The men are industrious; indeed, the French compare them very favorably with the Arabs; they till the ground, using quaint little plows and oxen, the yoke being simply a heavy piece of wood fastened across the horns.

The women play an important part in the work of the place, they are almost exclusively the drawers of water, a most essential and arduous employment, where, as in most cases, the only wells are some 1,500 feet or 1,000 feet below the village. In some districts the manufacture of cutlery and jewellery is carried on ingeniously enough; the old Kabyle brooches and earrings and frontlets are famous, and are sold as curiosities in Algiers. They are very fond of adorning themselves and their children with these trinkets. A day or two afterwards, in a very remote village, I bought some of these articles of bijouterie and vertu, and found out one interesting circumstance. The arrangement of the beads (procured, of course, from Venetian or other European source) was almost identical with that of similar necklaces given me by missionaries from Central Africa. One bead in particular, which I am told is called the Lake Nyassa bead on the other side of the Sahara, was here also a favorite, thus constituting a primitive link of taste between those two widely separated races of the same continent. There seems generally to be in each village a principal house, answering to a town hall, where public matters are conducted. The system of Kabyle justice we afterwards learned is sufficiently developed and complete, though now it is subordinated to the French civic courts, which are far more unpopular than the military.

Each village has its own Council and Headman, answering in some respects to the old English reeve and

burghmote, from this there is an appeal to the President of several villages, Hundredman in short, and finally, in serious crimes, the case goes to the *Bureau d'Arabe*, as an appeal might be ultimately to the Norman Kings in Council.

Fort National, which we reached about three in the afternoon, is a military post, in its nature almost impregnable; it dominates all the surrounding district, and the troops quartered there by frequent drill and marching and counter-marching seemed determined to make the most of themselves, and to remind the native population that a stranger's hand is over them, and its grasp not likely to relax.

To those who love fine air and glorious scenery and can put up with rather rough accommodation, I would say, "You will find Fort National a paradise."

On either side the ground falls abruptly, so that at your feet stretches away an unbroken view from a plateau 3,000 feet above the sea. Far off lies the Mediterranean, while lesser hills and a broad valley, through which runs a considerable river, break the distance.

Passing out through the further gateway, a high terrace is soon reached, whence there is a superb sight of the snow-covered Djurdjura. I cannot imagine a grander spectacle than that which greeted us the morning after our arrival. Having walked to the highest point within easy distance and sheltering behind the ridge—for the air at that height, even in Africa, is keen enough—we drank in a draught of intoxicating loveli-

ness. The intervening country has a quiet and varied interest of its own; high olive-colored hills are divided from one another by deep ravines and rivers, and almost every one had its village on the crest; but over all this country the eye swept unsatisfied to rest on the towering barrier of rock and snow. Measured as mountains the Djurdjura range are not very high; its kings stand only some 5,000 feet or 6,000 feet "in their socks," and their silver crowns are perforce laid aside in the burning summer; but in the spring their grandeur of presence, their broken and picturesque form, surpass, I am told, many of the Alps, and will certainly compare well with the Diableretz. Here in the face of this glorious scene we said together on the open hillside the Morning Prayer of our Church. Never before had quite the same sense of the Omnipotent Presence been granted. No wonder mountain dwellers are said to be religious people; how can it be otherwise? It was also a strange and pleasant thought that friends in other parts of Africa, at Capetown, at Magila, at Masasi, might be even then, or soon would be engaged in the same office.

Returning to the hotel we struck a bargain by the agency of the landlord with a Kabyle guide, whose many good points it would take too long to tell. Among them was a perfect knowledge of French and an unvarying courtesy and willingness to oblige.

Two sprightly mules made part of the equipment, and upon these our baggage was dexterously arranged so as to admit of a rider on each, provided his legs



could stretch somewhat far apart. Thus we set out across a district innocent of roads and inns to a town called Dry-al-Mizan, a two days' ride from Fort National.

Surely a poem might be written to "The Mule on the Arab Path," for the mules seem made for the paths and the paths for the mules. Leaving the terrace we twist down sharp zig-zag slopes towards the river; so steep are these descents sometimes that the hind legs have to slide and still we go down till the water is reached. Crossing the stream in several places, the water at times up to the girths, another rugged and steep path lies before us which is to carry us up 1,500 feet to Ait-Chelala. If it is unpleasant work riding down Arab paths and you then feel a frantic desire to plunge over the animal's head and have done with it, the tendency in ascending of the whole lading, saddle, goods and rider, to slide off over the tail is even more emphatically distressing.

At last however, and before sundown, the top was reached and our party rode up to the little mission house of the Peres Blancs and craved hospitality. This the two good brothers were not backward in giving, and set to work at no little personal inconvenience, for their house and menage are on a very limited scale, to provide us with beds and supper.

While they were doing this we strolled round the village, and visited a small convent where Sisters live and teach the girls of Kabylia. As we walked another

curious feature of this strange people presented itself. They make their graves along the paths so that often they must be trodden upon, and yet they are bordered or covered very markedly with slate or other stone. The road from the Mission House to the village is in part a regular cemetery. A word now as to this wonderful order of the Peres Blancs. Instituted by the Archbishop of Algiers for the work of converting the Arab races they labor under great discouragements and Government restrictions. They are not allowed to teach Christianity, still less to baptize, but only to do the work of secular school masters. And here in the wilderness these little establishments are discovered; the brothers, dressed as Arabs, with white cassock and fez and beard contented to live in a strange land, and go through the ordinary drudgery of national school work among a quite ignorant people, varying this with a little practice of medicine, with the divine hope of one day being allowed to tell out to hearts, which have learned to love and trust their teachers, the message that is trembling on their lips.

In due time we were summoned to supper, and seldom has a meal been more needed or appreciated, nor are there many more delicious beverages than the brothers' excellent *vin du pays*, with which we cordially pledged each other, clinking the glasses after the most approved fashion of the good old times. From the Fathers we learned a good deal about their people and about the native system of jurisprudence which is given

above. The children, they said, are apt to learn, and are taught just as children in European schools. We saw, the next morning, a class of them at their work.

One of the Fathers, a young and very agreeable man, had been, we were told, in the French army and had had considerable means. He must find his life somewhat monotonous and he seemed very glad to have a little chat about affairs in the world outside.

The next day the sun rose in a cloudless sky and we rose with it, intending to start early for the expedition which was to be the heart and core of the tour. After much consultation with the Fathers and the guide my travelled friend had made out that it would be possible to pass over a certain "Coll," reach the actual foot of the mountains, and return by another and shorter route before the perilous hour of sunset.

Breakfast therefore having been dispatched, taking naught but coats and a bottle of *vin du pays*, we left Ait-Chelala about 7 a.m. To descend the mountain it was necessary to pass through the village and this was a tolerably lively proceeding. For the road through a Kabyle village is, as intricate as the passages between City courts. Abrupt turns in unexpected places bring the astonished rider opposite a door which is open, certainly, but which as certainly is the unmistakeable entrance to a private dwelling. Various recollections of the penalties of trespass pass in the mind, "Every man's house is his castle" rings in the ear, and yet neither to the right hand nor to the left does any, even the smallest

alley, open a way of escape. So taking heart of grace we let the mule have its head, and ride calmly in at one door and out at the other and find from the demeanor of the owner and his neighbors that this is no trespass but an acknowledged right of way. It must be very awkward for the family when they are all curled up asleep on the raised portion of the floor if some belated pedlar or some knight-errant comes floundering and blundering through the midst of the domestic tranquility. The Headmen of the village were quite overpowering in their politeness, and walked with us through the street in their graceful and Biblical dress with the free and majestic gait which is characteristic of the Arab races.

All the population of the village turned out in what seemed meant as a procession of honor, for when the boundary of the town was reached they all drew up and saluting with cordial courtesy returned to their homes. And now began in earnest a hill so abrupt that we named it the "Descent of Man," down, down, down we slid and scrambled almost perpendicularly, and again down and down, until at last the 1,500 feet are measured and the river reached. Crossing this stream, and after a mile or two of gradual upward slope, a rough lane conducted us to a regular staircase of rock, the dry bed of a torrent. Our gallant beasts made short work of this, wriggling their backs like caterpillars, and drawing themselves up with short leaps and hops. Over the feelings of the rider it is best to draw a veil. Arrived at

length in the village, we soon found ourselves in the midst of a lively scene, while some eggs were being boiled (imperfectly as the result proved) we offered to buy some of the earrings and brooches that they wore. The spirit of trade spread like wildfire, and soon all the people came forward—women leaning out of windows to offer a choice specimen—and others talking over the matter, and deciding how much to ask. They are keen hands at a bargain, and we found the best way was resolutely to hold up a coin and refuse to give more. This generally resulted in a purchase.

Passing on with an additional guide who was declared to be necessary and who certainly did good work and was well contented with two francs, we reached after a rough and weary climb the summit of the "Coll." The charm of the scene and the situation is far beyond my powers of description. On the right rose steeply a hill covered with white stones and dotted with olives, the haunt, it is said, of monkeys, but all that we saw of that nature were the boys keeping goats whose cries rang clear and wild from crag to crag. To a stranger, however, it is a great surprise to find a fertile and populous valley between this ridge and the mountains proper. From a little distance the slope up which we have toiled seems part of the base of the Djurdjura, but when the "Coll" is gained a little world opens up to view, the inhabitants of which must have little communication or connection with the rest of Kabylia. But

now, close in front, the mountains tower up, having gained vastly in rugged grandeur and size since the more distant view.

Pushing on in face of them, but separated by a deep valley, the guide conducted us along a good bridle path past a natural grotto the home of a magnificent bubbling spring, some three miles to a village called Ben-at-guen, where we called a halt. To reach the snow was the ambition of our hearts, and a patch not so very far away beguiled us of our prudence, and drew us into a mad and frantic rush to reach it and be back in time, for the sunset hour brings with it the danger of fever.

Hastening through the village, we espied all the population gathering like rooks in council in a field, reminding one of the old Champs de Mars of the Teutonic races; some public debate or religious function was evidently going on.

A rough scramble brought us to the goal, a huge mass of snow over 4,000 feet above the sea, lying in a hollow in the face of the mountains, above which rose perpendicularly precipice and crag for some 2,000 feet more. It was a scene and a day never to be forgotten. The splendid sunshine brightening every rock and projecting point, and causing the snowy crests to glitter like burnished silver; the effects of sound were also strange, for the clear air and the conformation of the mountains produces one of the most wonderful echoes imaginable. If you turn to the cliff and pitch your voice

with a prolonged chest note, it really seems to reach the very summit itself, whence bounding along from angle to angle with ever fainter and fainter response it dies gradually in imperceptible murmurings among the peaks which yet whisper it back from an incredible distance. Withal there was the sense of being "very far away" in a great continent amidst a strange and wild people, and even in the home of the leopard and jackal. After wasting more time than we should have done in realizing this fairyland of sight and sound, and lingering to let the spirit of the mountains yet once more answer us in his countless and musical notes, we hastily regained the village, to find that all the natives declared our promised route impossible, and that it was necessary to go back by the way by which we had come.

The chief kindly offered hospitality for the night and it was rather tempting to stay in a real Kabyle house; but as our time was so limited it seemed wiser to make a push for Ait-Chelala. Very grand the Djurdjura looked as for three miles they frowned upon us growing more awful in their overpowering presence as the sun sank lower and the shadows crept from the valley to fissure and crevice towards the crest of the mountain. "Necessity" (in this we afterwards agreed) "was the mother of circum-vention," and having at length rounded the hill on our left and passed the "Coll" a breakneck descent brought us to the river before sundown. Scaling the steep path of the morning,

we pass through a now quiet village and were welcomed by the good Fathers like old friends. Their festive board soon restored our jaded frames, and made a long night's rest enjoyable. From this point the interest of the tour waned. A long ride in the sun brought us to Dry-Al-Mizan, whence a more interesting day's march lies to Palestro, a pretty little town burnt down in the late war; but the mountains were lost as companions, and only showed themselves behind us from time to time as distant friends. The sunset approaching Palestro was one of the most beautiful witnessed in the tour; the sun going down behind western hills and flooding a broad valley and its encompassing heights with a light singularly lustrous and golden. The last day's ride down the celebrated Issar Gorge is fine, and there is a deep and dark cave in the face of the cliff, a reputed home of leopards, which is well worth a scorching scramble to visit. The afternoon found us at Colben-Aicha, whence the midnight diligence restored us to Algiers. Here we plunged into all the excitement of the late election news, of which not a word had reached us during the week in Kabylia. Telegrams and picnics (a leading feature of Algerian society), a visit to the Trappist Fathers, and an inspection of the "Sunbeam," concluded a delightful three weeks in North Africa, and soon the wild and delightful ramble among the hills seemed but a dream. Those who are curious to see a primitive and essentially Biblical race, living as their fathers lived centuries ago, who love mountain scenery



and wish to breathe magnificent air and enjoy a magnificent climate, cannot do better than take a run into Kabylia.

Anyone setting out from Fort National into the wilder districts will find an excellent and most trustworthy guide in "Said-ben-Azaha."

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NOTE—This paper was written for the "Guardian" on my return from a delightful visit to my kind friends Sir William and Lady Welby at their villa in Mustapha Superieur. This Spring of 1880 was marked by the dramatic overthrow of Lord Beaconsfield's Government and Mr. Gladstone's overwhelming victory at the polls. I remember on one occasion the present Lord Spencer, who had built a fine house in Mustapha, visiting my hosts, who were staunch Conservatives, and discussing in a friendly way the startling news from England. Lord S. shortly after became Viceroy of Ireland in the Gladstone Cabinet—E. C. P., Calgary, 1908.



## A Dinner With Dr. Pusey.

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The romance of the Oxford movement still lingers round the names and the lives of the men who were its teachers. The odds against which they had to contend, the bitter hostility of Dr. Arnold and the Liberals, the imperious and stolid suspicion of the great mass of old-fashioned Churchmen, were so tremendous, that the little band of Tractarians, with Newman, Keble and Pusey at its head, which thus fearlessly fought *contra mundum* elicits the sympathy which is always aroused by the story of heroic enterprise.

There has been a good deal of late to quicken interest in the veteran patriarch and counsellor of the Oxford Party, up to whom even Newman and Keble looked with reverent respect, and who, after the great secession, was emphatically the pilot who weathered the storm, and who by his wisdom, learning and humility, turned the broken and wandering currents of the theological thought of that time into the deep and steady stream which has since buoyed up and carried on the great Anglican Communion to the position of Evangelical and Catholic influence which it holds today.

We have read of Dr. Pusey in his biography, and in many allusions to him which are found in the lives of Deans Church and Stanley, so that the sketch of some

slight personal reminiscence of the aged and saintly man in the last year of his life may not be unacceptable to readers of *The Churchman*.

In the year 1882, the year of Dr. Pusey's death, I was living not far from Oxford, was a frequent visitor in the University City, and numbered among my friends several of the parochial as well as of the university clergy. Among the former was a young priest, Mr. Brine, a grandson of Dr. Pusey, who at the time was living in Christ Church with his grandfather and acting as his secretary, while also serving as assistant Curate in St. Thomas' Church.

It was some time in the Lent of 1882 that Mr. Brine came out to the village where I was living and invited me to come in to Oxford on Palm Sunday and preach for him at St. Thomas' in the evening. As an inducement he added, "You will, of course, dine and stay the night with us in Christ Church." On the day mentioned my host was found waiting at the Oxford Station, and together we proceeded up to Christ Church. Let those acquainted with Oxford imagine themselves following, for nearly half a mile, the long, unlovely suburban street which connects the City with the railway, and then, after passing between rows of small, squalid shops, suddenly emerging at Carfax into the classic High Street. Turning almost at once at right angles, we find ourselves descending St. Aldates towards the river, and are soon passing between the walls of Pembroke College on the right and Christ Church on the left.

Midway down the western side of the great quadrangle of age-worn and weather-blackened stone stands the gateway into the "Tom Quad," which is surmounted by the tower in which hangs the great bell whose solemn boom tolls out commands and warnings over the whole University world.

Passing through the gateway and by the Porter's Lodge beneath which that functionary may be seen keeping his vigilant eye upon all comers and goers, the interior of the great Quad lies before us in all its glory. Right opposite are the row of buildings containing the houses of the Dean and Canon King; and behind them rises the spire of the Cathedral. To the south is the long and lofty dining hall and adjacent steward's offices.

The set of rooms in the west side immediately north of the Tom Gateway are those of Dr. Liddon, the great preacher of St. Paul's. Following Mr. Brine I turn to the right as far as the southwest angle of the Quad, where a low arched stone doorway admits to Dr. Pusey's house. As the bell is rung and we are waiting for the door to open what a throng of thoughts crowd the mind! What hands have grasped that well-worn bell handle, and what feet have crossed that doorway! In the old days, half a century ago, Newman, Keble, Church, Marriott, Froude, and how many more? In other days celebrities from abroad, great scholars and great ecclesiastics like the Greek Archbishop of Syro-Tenos, who visited Dr. Pusey and held a long discussion with him concerning the Double Procession in 1869.

Mingled with these reflections were reminiscences of that afternoon when I was taken in by my College tutor after the Final Schools and introduced for a brief moment to the great theologian, in 1874. The door is opened and we find Dr. Pusey in his usual sitting-room, which is the dining room of the house. It is a goodly-sized, somewhat low room, lighted by windows set in deep embrasures in the massive outer walls of the College, and completely lined with books from floor to ceiling.

There, in this appropriate setting, we find the patriarch of the Oxford Movement, a small shrunken old man wearing a skull cap and with a shawl over his shoulders, evidently feeble, but with a keen bright eye, a kindly smile and a loving clasp of the hand.

He was in these days almost stone deaf and all communications were made to him in writing, but his own conversation was quite clear and vivacious. "Ah," he observed, as he saw me gazing at the shelves loaded with books of every size, "they have had plenty of time to accumulate," and on my opening a folio of St. Augustine he remarked, "I want James (his grandson) to read that. I tell the young men if they would read as much of St. Augustine each day as they do of the daily papers, they would become good theologians."

We soon proceeded to dinner, which was served in a curious little passage room, so narrow as barely to leave space for the small table and the chairs. This too was lined with books, and had a kind of screen of

books across the middle to keep off draughts. In a diary I find a rough sketch of that (to me) most interesting dinner table. I was the only stranger present, the party consisting of Mrs. Brine, Dr. Pusey's daughter, who was then keeping house for him, her two daughters and a son, Dr. Pusey and myself. What the dinner was like I cannot recall, but a very vivid memory still lingers of the venerable little old man seated in an old-fashioned elbow-chair on the right of his daughter, quietly eating some special dish of soup or broth prepared for him, and occasionally lighting up to make some remark, or some cordial reply to a written question. Meanwhile the rest of the party talked in a pleasant home-like way, and information was given as to the condition of Dr. Pusey's health, his ordinary habits and manner of life, for he was beginning then to be regarded as in failing strength.

Dinner being ended, and a kindly farewell spoken, my last sight of the saintly old man was as he went back slowly to his books in shawl and skull cap followed by his daughter.

Then came Evensong in the interesting old Church of St. Thomas, which was the first in England to revive the use of Eucharistic vestments. On our return to Christ Church I was shown to a room which looked out upon St. Aldates, and was next to the big buttress of the tower, and there, on that historic ground and under that honored roof spent the night.

It has ever been a matter of thankfulness that I was thus privileged to visit this eminent and saintly Doctor of the Church, to see him and hear his suggestive conversation so few months before he was called to his eternal rest.



## An Evening with Sir Edwin Arnold.

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It is always an event of no ordinary interest to meet the author of such a work as "The Light of Asia" and to hear him deliver his own verse with something of the fire and feeling of the original inspiration. Accordingly, when an unexpected intimation arrived of the presence of Sir Edwin Arnold in Davenport, accompanied by an invitation to meet him at the house of Bishop Perry who was to be his entertainer, there could scarcely be but one reply, even though an acceptance would involve a much-regretted absence from our home social.

It was about 5 p.m. when the Bishop's house was reached, and upon our inquiring of Dean Hale who was in the study whether the great man had arrived, he replied in semi-reproachful tones, "Yes, but he is engaged in the thoroughly British occupation of taking a bath." However on entering the parlor soon afterwards I found the Bishop and his guest together, was duly presented, and received with a charming ease and grace of manner which deepened into unaffected cordiality upon a reference being made to a recent poem concerning a naval incident in the great war with France, which had an especial interest for and connection with the family of the present writer.



Sir Edwin Arnold is of about the same age as Bishop Perry, but looks young; he is of medium height, slim and alert, and of polite and vivacious manners. His features are strongly marked and when in repose bear a resemblance to those of the late Lord Beaconsfield. What is especially striking in private life is the utter absence of any "grand manner" or poetic pose, and the frank affability with which he throws himself into any topic that may be started. It was fortunate for us that the more formal reception had been appointed to come after the lecture, and hence it was but a small home party that sat down with Sir Edwin to a quiet dinner and was able to enjoy the play of his wit and genius in the course of a perfectly free and informal conversation.

The pretty articles of the Japanese bazaar which lay scattered around the room naturally suggested a reference to that country. It was pleasant to hear the learned and metaphysical author of "The Light of Asia" instantly plunge into a lively description of the important part that the "teapot" plays in Japanese life. The introducer of Buddhism and Tea, who seems to have been one and the same, had gradually revolutionized Japanese society. The etiquette at a formal "five o'clock" tea (we will not attempt the Japanese name which glided so easily and poetically from his lips), was said to demand a special course of training and its influence in all classes of society to have been potent in cultivating that refinement and courtesy of manner for which the country is renowned.

Thence the conversation passed on to India and some interesting remarks were made, among other things he said to us playfully, and yet with evident sincerity of meaning, "I know I shall make you angry when I say that the poorest Hindoo, with much superstition and perhaps very vague ideas of general morality, has inherited for centuries a religious and spiritual atmosphere which on the spiritual side of his nature places him on a far higher plane than you. I know this will make you angry, and it is quite natural that it should!" However, it did not, for we saw the meaning of his words and his delightful frankness and courtesy would have taken the sting from a much stronger statement.

After dinner Sir Edwin showed to us an article of the greatest interest. This was a small and delicately carved image of the Buddha in polished jade, which had been brought from the sacred city of Lhasa in Thibet and presented to him by the learned Burmese pundit, who is the only living non-Buddhist who has visited this mysterious city. It was indeed a curious experience to hold in one's hand and examine this characteristic work of that wonderful region and to realize that its presence here in the west was due to one of the most romantic and daring enterprises that the history of the world records. This valuable relic, which, he playfully informed us, was held to bring good fortune, Sir Edwin gracefully presented to the family of his host.

In the course of further conversation he mentioned to the writer his admiration of Rudyard Kipling, and the fact that we may rely upon the accuracy of his facts and descriptions—high testimony this from an experienced Indian civil servant.

On Madam Blavatsky's name being mentioned Sir Edwin spoke of his acquaintance with her and of her extraordinary mental attainments. As an illustration, he said that he had once quite casually referred to her for the date of a celebrated Sanscrit grammarian which she at once gave with perfect exactness and with the utmost readiness.

His lectures, or rather recitations, have been fully described in the papers and therefore it will suffice to say here that the richness of voice and the enthusiasm and even solemnity of delivery introduced a perfectly new conception and a depth of meaning and beauty into the "Teachings of Buddha," one of the finest passages of "The Light of Asia."

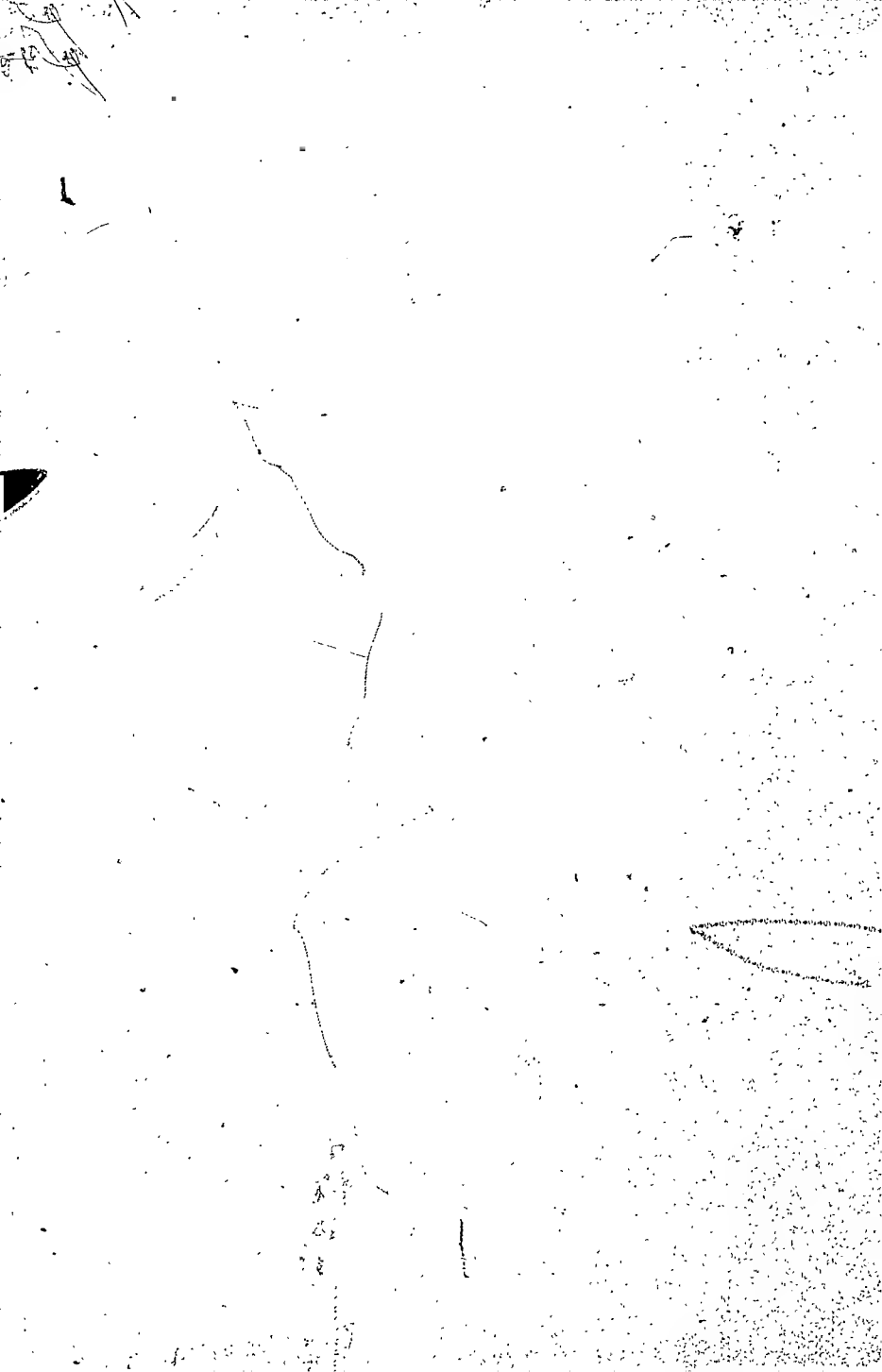
It may perhaps be permitted to the writer to say that the naval poem which Sir Edwin recited with much feeling and enthusiasm did not refer to a battle at sea, but to a nobler fight—the rescue of an enemy's vessel, a large French line-of-battle ship with over seven hundred souls on board, from certain wreck and death by a daring and skilful action of an English frigate in war time. This frigate, the "Endymion," sailing close in shore of the doomed vessel, buoyed and cast out one of her own anchors, the cable of which the French crew

caught and hauled on board, and thus were able securely to ride out the storm. It was, however, only after a hard struggle and by most skilful seamanship that the English frigate escaped the danger of a like fate, and at length got clear out to sea amid the frantic cheers of her "foes" whom she had thus saved from death.

After the lecture a company of most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of Davenport and Rock Island assembled at the Bishop's house and were hospitably entertained. The lion of the evening, however, could only remain a short time, having to return that night to Chicago.

Sir Edwin, who, by the way, had married a Boston lady, seemed very much pleased with this country, and spoke in especially high terms of the "great kindness and consideration" which he had invariably met with from an American audience. It was a pleasant habit in his conversation to intersperse apt quotations from some poet; thus at dinner he pointed a remark by a felicitous rendering of some lines of George Herbert. In short the evening passed in the company of this illustrious poet, who is also a distinguished editor and man of affairs, was one to be remembered with most vivid pleasure for a lifetime.

NOTE—The hero of Sir Edwin Arnold's naval poem, which was first printed many years ago in "The Daily Telegraph," was my grandfather, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Paget, one of the younger brothers of the "Waterloo" Marquis of Anglesey. On my referring to the poem Sir Edwin became exceedingly interested, brought it out in newspaper form from his valise and decided to recite it that evening at his public lecture, which he did in the most graphic manner.—E. C. P.



# Holiday Rambles of an American Priest.

REV. E. C. PAGET.

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I have been invited by friends in the dear old Island Home of our Anglo-Saxon race, to contribute a paper to "Echoes," one of the excellent publications of the C. E. A.

Well, dear friends, what shall I write about? What can a Westerner have of interest to say to the polished circles of English readers? And yet, English Church people ought to know a good deal more than they do about the American Church and nation, in order that their hearts may be knit to ours in bonds of a closer and more appreciative sympathy. Let me then, as one who has had experience also of Church work in England, attempt to sketch something of what would come under your notice were you to make a holiday trip to this part of the world. And my first task shall be to "locate" you as to the starting point. Why is it, in these days of certificates, examinations, and high-pressure education, that the English, as a rule, know so absurdly little about American geography, whether of the Canadian Domi-

nions or of the United States? A friend wrote and asked me the other day whether I should be able to see anything of an English priest just coming out to work at Denver, Colorado !

A glance at the map would show that we are at least 800 miles apart ! On the other hand, we Western Churchmen often miss the great privilege of visits from eminent clergy from Europe, because they do not know how much Church life there is in the West, and how easily accessible it is by rail. Take a map then of the United States, imagine yourself landing in New York, then setting off by New York Central Express at forty miles an hour. At 9 a.m. you start, and are soon rushing up the eastern bank of the beautiful Hudson, through rocky and mountainous scenery. Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, are passed, and Buffalo—still in the State of New York—is reached at 7.45 p.m.

On you speed through the night; coasting the south shore of Lake Erie, through the States of Indiana and Michigan, and then you come clanging and crashing into the big grimy station at Chicago. After a few hours' inspection of this vast, and (to me) most attractive city of the West, with its half-a-million of inhabitants, you are glad to escape by an afternoon train, which takes you quietly along through the rolling farm lands of Illinois, 200 miles further West, until you strike the great Mississippi River, the Father of Waters, at Rock Island, famed for its large arsenal, and Davenport, the Cathedral City of the Diocese of Iowa.

Davenport is well worth a visit, and any Church visitor is sure of a warm and courteous welcome from our kind Bishop, and from the Dean, Dr. Hale, who was the first to receive from the Patriarch of Jerusalem permission to celebrate the Holy Eucharist in the Chapel of Abraham of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; a permission afterwards extended to Dr. Liddon and other English clergy. Here, too, and in connection with the Cathedral, are two Church schools for boys and girls, and there are also two other churches in the city.

Twenty-five miles south-west, along the western bank of the Mississippi, you will alight at the fair city of Muscatine, a town picturesquely situated upon the "bluffs" or cliffs that rise above the river, and numbering from 12,000 to 13,000 inhabitants. As we shall arrive at 11 p.m., we will allow the inexperienced English tourist, accustomed only to the short distances at home in England (where, as they say in the West, an engine can hardly be run at full speed for fear of running into the sea), to rest at the excellent "Hotel Webster." Next morning we spring up refreshed with the balmy air and rush down to "Front Street," and there view with delight the great "Father of Waters," which is in this place about half a mile wide, rushing down to the sea, which, by the way, is beyond New Orleans, some 1,300 miles distant. Then turning up Second Street, bright with fine shops and much traffic, our Islander will find the pretty stone Church, and, if it be Sunday, his heart will be gladdened by the sound of



the bell that summons worshippers to the 7.45 early celebration of the Holy Eucharist. The handsome carved oak altar, pulpit and eagle lectern, and the tiled baptistry, will perhaps surprise our Transatlantic visitor, so solid are they, and in such a thoroughly true style of ecclesiastical art. At matins the quartette choir of two men and two women would again astonish an English visitor; so too it is a curious reversal of English experience to find the Morning Service the popular one, and the evening congregation composed mainly of a few of the more regular and devout worshippers.

About a mile east of the Church, in a suburb inhabited chiefly by mill hands, stands the pretty little chapel of All Saints. The land for the building was given to the rector by two communicants about the 20th of last November, and the church was built and ready for service by Christmas Day. This is an amusing instance of American rapidity that I delight to retail to English correspondents.

The Church is of wood with a red-topped belfry surmounted by a cross. The chancel is well raised and the whole interior is beautifully planned. The cost of this building was about £150. Its erection was a venture of faith, for, we asked ourselves, why should the Dissenters always be the first in the field? Here was a large district with no religious building of any kind, and yet with many persons well disposed to the Church, we could not expect our own people here to pay for it, for it is a constant struggle for them to make both ends meet;

but we hoped that some generous friends outside, and especially in the Old Country, where the means of grace are so freely offered to all, might sympathize with this little effort to bring the Church and Sacraments to the poor, and lend us a hand to lift this burden.

The poor people are well disposed, some of them giving their work freely, and readily offering to cut wood, light the stove, build a wood-box, etc., and one of them, in his spare moments, made a beautiful little table for the vestry. But glad as they are to offer personal services they cannot afford to give much in money for work is very scarce.

The opening service was to me deeply interesting. The building was crowded, and all were reverent and attentive, while, with the help of some school girls who had been carefully practised, we chanted the *Glorias*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*, also a Metrical Litany for the Church.

A lady afterwards told me of the remarks of some of the poor children near her. One little girl wanted to know what the ~~tr~~ socks were for and whether people have to kneel down, which seemed to her a novel idea in connection with prayer. The same child, looking up at the chancel and altar, said enthusiastically, "I call it grand; ain't it grand?" Perhaps this was rather more than could be truthfully said by an older person, but although hardly grand All Saints' is a very pretty little Church.

Muscatine, meaning, I am told, "Burning Island," was so called by the Indians from the great grass fires that used to rage over the Island below the town. It is now quite famous throughout the country for its fine water melons and sweet potatoes, which are exported in great quantities to the big cities.

From the bluffs where the finest residences stand the view down the wide reaches of the river with the wooded hills of Illinois in the east and the sweeping plains of fertile gardens and farms to the south-west is one of striking beauty. In the spring and summer the blue and sparkling surface of the water is alive with rowing and sailing boats, while at intervals is heard far and wide the deep toned steam whistle of some large river packet, as she comes sweeping down or toiling up the great water-way. It is, in short, a delightful place of residence, in the same latitude as Naples, and yet, as a rule, having a fine, bracing winter. The only trying season of the year to the unacclimatized is the summer. June, July and August are exceedingly hot months here, during which, if possible, it is well to get some change for at least part of the time. Even this hot season, however, is often broken by spells of cool pleasant weather. Last summer I remained in the parish and held service with good congregations until the end of July, and during this time I much enjoyed the boating and bathing, and a steamboat trip of a week up to St. Paul, 400 miles north of Muscatine, where so many English business people live. A holiday, however, is not by any means

unpleasant after the strain and anxiety of a year's work in this wide-spread parish, together with extra parochial mission work in a mining town seventy-two miles west of us, where many English workingmen are to be found, and where Church services have this last year been regularly inaugurated.

All preparations have been made for the care of the parish during my absence, all farewell calls given and received, and finally about 10 p.m. I leave the rectory and quietly walk down to the Depot (as the railway station is generally called here).

There is something very un-English about the way of travelling in this country and yet it is very enjoyable. I had taken my tickets the day before and had had the luggage checked, so that we had nothing to do but wait for the train. In the still, pleasant evening air it soon was heard at some distance, rumbling heavily and slowly along, and whistling at the road crossings, with its engine bell clanging loudly as it approached. The great Cyclops-eye of its headlight comes blazing round a curve, and with an immense amount of clashing and clattering the great heavy cars, so unlike the compact little carriages of an English train, come to a halt out in the middle of the track where there is no raised platform to assist entrance.

We walk back to the end of the train where a colored porter has placed a step and holds a lamp, and ask him if this is the Chicago sleeping-car. Soon we are smoothly and easily under way, the berths are made

up, the curtains drawn, and in delicious freedom one can repost in a comfortable bed feeling that one is really "off and away." At 6 a.m. the porter calls us; we rise, wash and dress, almost as comfortably as if we were at home, and are quite presentable when we reach Chicago at 6.30 a.m. A good breakfast makes us feel as fresh as a daisy, and after a little rest we run on by an afternoon train to Milwaukee.

You think of Milwaukee, perhaps, in connection with some great breweries, and imagine that it is a somewhat uninteresting place. Let me tell you that it is one of the most delightful of cities. Situated on the cliffs that surround a fine bay on the western shore of the great Lake Michigan, it has somewhat the appearance of a seaside town, like Folkestone or Ramsgate. The fresh breezes of the lake coming to us after the sultry heat of those July days were perfectly delightful and most health-giving. The magnificent houses, the lovely gardens, the wide grass terrace above the lake, the excellent and moderate hotels, all help to engrave the name of Milwaukee on the traveller's heart. Here, too, we encounter Mr. Moorhouse, the able and courteous manager of the "Young Churchman Co.," an excellent depot where church books and tracts can be procured. It reminds us of a miniature Masters—we can almost fancy ourselves in New Bond Street. The Cathedral is a large Church with a good spire, and beside it is a chapel where daily services are held, and beyond that again is the clergy house.

This is the Cathedral City of good old Bishop Welles, now dead, who will be remembered as residing at St. Augustine's Mission-house, at Kilburn, during the last Lambeth Conference. Across the street the large new Church of St. Paul is in the course of erection. It is one of those monstrosities of fashionable American "Church" architecture, of which a writer in a Boston paper has well said, "One is puzzled to decide whether it is intended for a town hall, public library, Methodist meeting house (of the wealthy modern type), or railway station," and which certainly, with its beautiful upholstery and seats, which are not seldom curved and raised in the rear like those of a theatre, but little suggests a House of God built for Christian worship. With so many fine modern churches in England which might furnish models, one is astonished that Americans should still be content to spend vast sums of money in building these strange abortions.

They must surely have been devised by some architect who had earned renown perhaps in planning a railway station, or a millionaire's mansion, and whose main idea for a church is to secure ample space for a rich and comfortable congregation where the "Preacher" can be easily seen and heard.

Our plan was to journey northward through Wisconsin by easy stages, and therefore in the afternoon we betook ourselves to the North-Western Station en route for Fond du Lac. Most fortunately the Rev. Mr. Merrill, Chaplain to Bishop Grafton and Diocesan Mis-

sionary, was in the train and introducing himself to me gave some interesting information about the Diocese since the death of that excellent Churchman and Christian, Bishop Browne.

He told me, as an illustration of the terrible need of more priests, that at that time there were some twenty-six parishes and missions vacant, twelve of which, he with a small band of theological students was serving during the summer.

Fond du Lac, which lies at the end of Lake Oshkosh, is a somewhat sleepy country town. It seemed like England to walk up from the station to the Cathedral for five o'clock Evensong. The Cathedral is a fine and thoroughly good modern church, built by the late Bishop. After service the late Bishop's wife, who resides now with the Sisters at St. Monica's Home, under the shadow of the Cathedral, took an evident pleasure in pointing out to us all that was of interest. She showed us, lastly, her husband's grave, beside the south entrance.

Next morning it was delightful to attend the seven o'clock celebration in St. Monica's Chapel. The little band of Sisters here have an old house fitted up as a girls' school, and they hope soon to extend and embrace other spheres of work; they have also a home for aged widows. I had just time to attend Matins at the Cathedral, then hurried on to the train, which was punctual to the minute. Following the North Western line still northwards we travelled on through the somewhat

dreary rocks and the stunted pine woods of Northern Wisconsin and the Michigan Peninsula until we reached the thriving little town of Marquette, on the south shore of Lake Superior. It was pleasant to meet here a young man, now getting on well in business, whom we had last seen as a boy in the choir and Sunday School of a Gloucestershire parish, years ago.

Following eastward the southern shore of the lake the railway bore us next day through a wilderness of swamps, stunted-pines and rocks broken by an occasional rough settlement of lumbermen. At St. Ignace, an old French village on the Mackinaw Straits, which connect Lakes Huron and Michigan, there is an ancient church over the altar of which is a strange picture apparently of some martyrdom. The picture is said to be two hundred years old. The little American chapel is picturesquely situated at the foot of some grass-covered hills, quite out of the town, and a small congregation attended Evensong there on Sunday.

From the windows of our hotel one could watch every day the big steam ferry bringing the train bodily over from Mackinaw City, in Michigan. The steamer is said to be so powerful that it will go crushing through two feet of ice, and can keep up the communication through the winter.

The "Boots" at the hotel in this remote little place was a young Londoner, Coles by name, who had been brought up in the City, and was delighted to have a talk with us. A week's visit was then paid to the Island



of Mackinaw, a charming spot, once celebrated for its great trading depot. The place seemed literally swarming with summer visitors, who looked as though they were bent upon amusing themselves.

The little American Church seems to be the only non-Roman place of worship on the Island, and in the evening is given over by the Vestry to any Protestant Divine of any denomination who happens to be visiting, while the rector conducts service at St. Ignace. A brief journey from St. Ignace carried us to the town of Sault Ste. Marie, a very interesting place where the river which carries the waters of Superior down to Huron, is broken by the rapids, and a magnificent ship canal with locks is constantly filled by a double stream of large steamers, sailing vessels and barges passing to and fro.

At this picturesque point a bridge has lately been thrown across the river connecting the Canadian and American shores, and a through express is run daily from Minneapolis and St. Paul, over a new line which here unites with the Canadian Pacific Railway to Montreal and Boston in the East. We took our places in this train at 3 p.m. and in a few minutes had exchanged the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. We found ourselves running along through the Diocese of Algoma, and at 2 a.m. in pouring rain and utter darkness, arrived at the little new settlement of North Bay, where a man with a lantern conducted us to a very tolerable hotel.

It seems but a few years since one used to look at Lake Nipissing on the map as away back in the wilderness, known only to Indians and trappers; but since the Canadian Pacific Railway has opened up the country it is no longer unknown. North Bay, however, is a very primitive little place, and the neighboring woods are still a favorite haunt of the deer and the bear. A pleasant morning and afternoon were spent rambling along the sandy shores of the lake, nor did we find out until afterwards that there was a church and clergyman there.

The latter gentlemen has had as rough experience of missionary work as anyone could meet with. On two occasions at least being overtaken by a heavy storm while travelling on snowshoes, he has had to follow the native device of digging a hole in the snow, wrapping himself tightly in his robe, and lying there buried until morning.

On one of those occasions he was out on the open ice of Georgian Bay. I mention these true incidents, which were told me by a brother priest who knew him well, as an illustration of the real perils and hardships of winter work in these rough districts.

About 6.30 p.m. the great Transcontinental Express from Vancouver on the Pacific Coast came in, having made its overland journey of some thousands of miles up through the grand gorges of the Rocky Mountains and over the boundless plains of Manitoba and through the bleak and rugged region of Lake Superior. There is to me something very fascinating in seeing the great monster come panting into the station, as if almost tired at last after its immensely long journey.

And now, my readers, if you are not altogether weary, I will give you a little example of how great distances are conquered in America by the steam horse, and of how the Church may well avail itself of these modern improvements.

My holiday was drawing to a close when a warm invitation came for me to attend a Convocation of the clergy at the important town of Cedar Rapids, in Iowa, which was to open with a Choral Celebration and sermon at 10.30 o'clock on a certain Tuesday morning.

The distance from Toronto, in Canada, where I then happened to be, is not much less than 900 or 1,000 miles. I left Toronto at 8 a.m. for Hamilton, where passengers for Chicago join the through express; and arrived about an hour late in Detroit. Travelling on this line was very different to the Canadian speed and we sped along through Michigan making up a little of our lost time, but still so late that I lost all hope of catching the night train at Chicago, and resigned myself to losing the Convocation. About 10 p.m., however, the Conductor, to whom I had appealed, came and said I could catch the Rock Island train at a suburb called Auburn Park. I then had to go into the luggage van and interview the baggage master, who after some parley consented to put my box off at my own risk. In a few minutes we stopped and I stepped out. In the dim light I espied my box and carried it into the booking office, for no one else was about. It will strike an English traveller as strange that the trains from Chicago take

half an hour to reach Auburn Park, although it is only eight miles out from the terminus, about the distance of Willesden from Euston. One reason of this is the custom in the West of building all railways on the same level, so that they constantly cross each other. On approaching a large City every train is bound by law to stop dead and whistle before passing one of the crossings.\*

A little before 11 p.m. the heavy passenger train came thundering out, in an instant I was "On board," and shortly afterwards asleep in a comfortable sleeping car. My anxieties were then over, and I reached Cedar Rapids about 9.30 the next morning in good time to join in a most hearty and inspiring service and the other proceedings of the Convocation.

The Convocation of the Clergy answers somewhat to the English meetings of the Rural Deanery, but is generally made more of, and becomes the occasion of special services and missionary meetings; and for meetings of the Women's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

After a day at home I went on to fulfil an engagement to preach at the Dedication Festival of the Church of the Holy Cross, Keokuk. This town lies at the extreme south-eastern corner of this great State (which is larger than England, and had already a population of 2,000,000). The Rev. E. Bazett-Jones has also under his care the very striking colored mission of St. Mary

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\* This rule has since been changed.

the Virgin. Evensong was sung on the Eve of Holy Cross, and in spite of the terribly hot weather it was a most delightful service.

There were two white surpliced choirs besides the colored choir of St. Mary's; the processional hymn was grandly rendered. The choral service which followed with its hearty music, in which both African and American bore their part, would have been delightful to any visitor from the Old Country. The good priest here meets with many difficulties, but he has won the hearts of the poor of the flock, and already after but two years' work there are over fifty communicants on the roll of St. Mary's Mission. The great object had been to secure land for the Church, but at first there was considerable opposition and no help or none worth mentioning was given by the wealthy people in the town or neighborhood.

A great effort, however, has since been made, the Bishop has liberally assisted, and the sum of £100 has been advanced, in the hope that hearts may be stirred to assist this struggling mission in its noble effort to bring the liberated negro within the sanctifying and elevating influence of the Church.

I wish many of the readers of "Echoes" could visit this mission and see how gladly the negro welcomes definite church teaching, and how naturally he falls in with devotional and reverent practices.

# Fonts and Baptistries.

REV. E. C. PAGET.

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In view of questions which have been asked as to the proper place for the font to stand, it may not be uninteresting to give an outline, as brief as possible, of the history of fonts and baptistries in the Christian Church.

In the most ancient times the sacrament of Holy Baptism seems to have been administered not within the Church proper, but in special places or buildings set apart for the purpose. In a very early writing there is a notice that a part of the Jordan, at the place where Christ was baptized, was walled in with marble, and that crowds of the converted heathen, having been instructed as catechumens, resorted thither on the eve of the Epiphany for Baptism. The practice of constructing a special building for this Sacrament may be traced to the fourth century. One such is mentioned in connection with the Church built by Constantine at the Holy Sepulchre, A.D. 384. Paulinus, of Nola, says that Severus built a baptistry, known as the Fons Sancti Petri, which still exists in the Catacombs of Rome. It consists of a small cistern or piscina three to four feet deep and six feet across supplied by a current of water.

It is reached by a flight of steps leading down to a level space five feet across, on which the bishop or priest stood while in the act of baptizing. On one side is a picture of the Baptism of Christ and on the other, almost covered by water, the design of a cross, which is throwing out leaves and flowers, and upon the arms of which rest two candelabra in allusion to the illuminating of the soul in Baptism. The present Baptistry of the Lateran in Rome is traced back to Pope Sixtus III. (A.D. 432-440). It is sixty-two feet in diameter, octagon in shape, and is entered by a glazed portico. Those at Novra Aquileia, and the Cathedral of Ravenna, date from the same period. At the great Cathedral of St. Sophia in Constantinople, erected by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, the baptistry, octagon in shape, stands at a south-west angle. At Parenzo in Istria the ancient baptistry stands in front of the Church. Baptistries were originally only found in cathedral cities but as early as the ninth century they are found attached to many smaller churches. They were regarded as the ante-chamber to the church, and were sometimes divided into two portions, in the outer of which the neophytes made profession of the faith, and in the inner the Sacrament of Baptism was administered. The Greek name for baptistries, "photeria" (houses of light), is very significant of the illumination of the soul in Baptism, wherein it left the old life and came forth as a Child of God and of light. The magnificent baptistry

at Pisa is still one of the marvels of architectural achievement, and others exist at Rome, Florence, and Parma, as distinct buildings.

The font proper (*fons* or *lavacrum*) was usually in the centre of the baptistry, of stone or marble, cistern (or *piscina*) octagonal in form, and reached by steps. But about the eighth century, when Baptism by Effusion or pouring water on the head (which has always been allowed in the case of sick or weakly persons or children) became the customary mode of administering the Sacrament, fonts were constructed of smaller size and were erected on elevated baptistries, just within the Church, on the left of the principal entrance.

During the Rebellion and Commonwealth in England in the seventeenth century some of the ancient fonts like other precious things, were destroyed but very many still remain. The writer has seen in many country villages as well as in the large churches, fine specimens of solid stone fonts, lined with lead, and ornamented with rude sculpture, which date back to the ninth and tenth centuries. These invariably are found to stand under the west tower, or quite near the main entrance to the Church. The question of the position of the font arose at the Savoy Conference in 1661, when among other changes in the Church's way the Non-conformists wished the font "to be placed so as all the congregation may best see and hear," but the bishops replied, "The font usually stands as it did in primitive times at or near the door, to signify that Baptism is the entrance



into the Church mystical—"We are all baptized into one body," (1 Cor. xii.12), and the people can hear well enough."

But in the latter part of the eighteenth and first part of the nineteenth centuries, the dreary Georgian era of the Church's life, learning order and church principles suffered from the temper of the day. Magnificent architecture was disfigured with whitewash, and cumbrous pews and galleries with great "three-decker" pulpits blocked up the chancels and concealed the altars, which too often were tables of the meanest description covered with a soiled or torn cloth, that the parson or squire never would have permitted to be seen in their own house. The fine old font was not infrequently buried under a heap of rubbish, and some common bowl or cheap and mean substitute placed by the pulpit or on the altar for the greater convenience of the clergy, who not seldom thought more of hurrying rapidly through the service than of the dignity and meaning of the Sacrament. The writer remembers such instances of Georgian defacement before the great wave of Church restoration broke over the land and swept away the galleries and "three-deckers" and scraped off the whitewash and restored the altars and fonts to their true beauty and position.

It is not strange that the Daughter Churches in the United States and in the British Colonies, which were largely planted and took root during the Georgian era, should have inherited some of its customs and traditions

and should have been slower to emerge from them than the Mother Church. In the dreariest and coldest days in the old country there always remained the living witness of the beautiful daily Cathedral services as a standard of what the service ought to be, and when the spirit of restoration awoke there was need for little in many an ancient parish church but to remove the pews, galleries, "three-deckers" and other eighteenth-century rubbish, and to tear down the plastered ceiling, in order that the vaulted roof and pointed arches and lovely tracery of reredos and windows might once more be visible. In the new world, however, of necessity these ancient landmarks did not for the most part exist, and so the Church has been slower to catch the true note of architectural and ecclesiastical progress, simply because the pure examples and symbols of the Church art have not been at hand. Trinity Church, New York, however, is a standing evidence that this has been by no means universally the case, and another very interesting proof is found in the vestry book of the old church at Powick, Virginia, at the time when George Washington was a member of the vestry.

In this it is found recorded that "two corner pews, between the west doors, where the font ought to be, were ordered to be taken down," and an order was given to one William Capon to make a stone font for thirty dollars, according to "the 150th plate in Langley's designs." This old font has since been discovered in the

vicinity, and purchased by Philip Slaughter, the historian, and is now preserved in the Church as a relic of the olden days.

The true spirit of church art and ecclesiastical arrangement is utterly alien to the fantastic. It elevates and uses the genius of individuals and the best qualities of each age but it is at the same time independent of and above them.

In everything it has a purpose and a meaning, and that purpose is to be the handmaid of the Gospel and to make of the form, arrangement, and decoration of the House of God a sermon in stone, a writing that every worshipper may read.

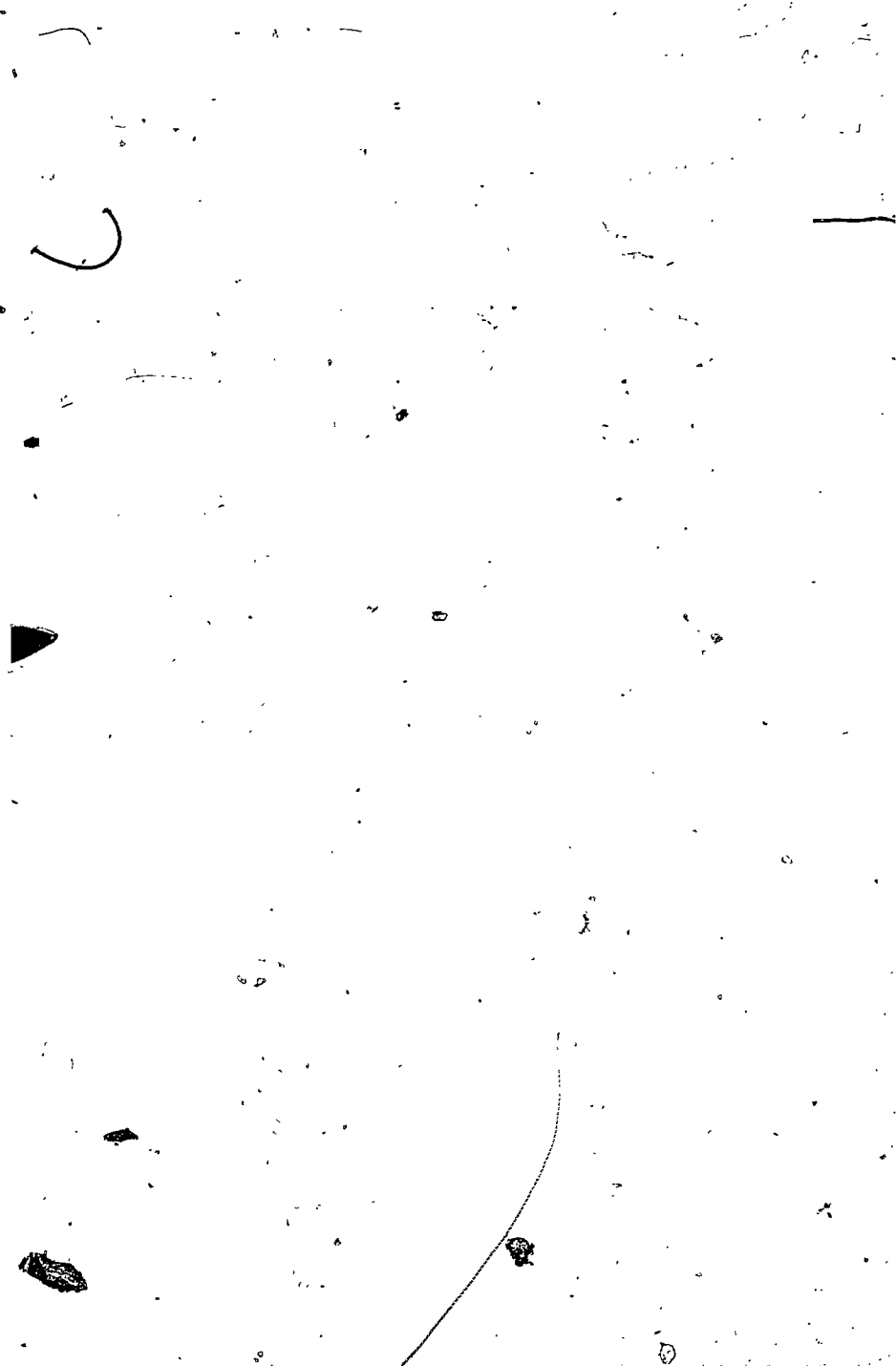
True ecclesiastical art knows that its province is two-fold, first, to make a temple exceedingly glorious, fitted so far as may be for the worship of the Lord of the whole universe, and secondly, recognizing the fact that men learn better and more quickly by what is acted or seen than by what is spoken, to preach by illustration and example. So the soaring arch and vaulted roof and painted windows all spoke of heaven and heavenly things and attuned the mind for solemn worship. So the eye, passing up through vista after vista of noble columns and carved stalls, rested at length upon the altar, richly wrought and carved, which at once inspired reverence for and interest in the highest and holiest of all Christian acts of worship and communion. So too with the Font: mingled with the chancel furniture or standing casually just where a vacant space may happen to be left, it

has no evident symbolical teaching and may scarcely be noticed, but if placed in a Baptistry formed as in ancient times for that purpose near the principal entrance, it must emphatically proclaim to every worshipper as he goes in the truth that Christ Himself ordained Holy Baptism to be the spiritual door of admission into the Christian fold.

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NOTE—This paper was written at Muscatine, Iowa, U.S.A., for the "New York Churchman" and originated in the discussions connected with the making of a proper place for the Font in Trinity Church, where it had previously been moved from place to place in the front of the nave as convenience required.





## The Daily Witness.

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The morning breaks, the shadows flee,  
From slumber-laden hours  
Nature awakes afresh to free  
Her re-created powers.

Embowered amid her silent hills  
Fair lies the city, dreaming,  
The eastern sky far faintly thrills  
With tender radiance gleaming.

Behold ! "The rosy-fingered Dawn  
Child of the mist," advances,  
Flooding each homestead, park and lawn  
With keen and quickening glances.

'Tis hour of Prime, a six-fold stroke  
The bells of time are swinging,  
The birds in aisle of elm and oak  
A matin Psalm are singing.

Heavens ! What means this strident roar  
Of horns and whistles, vying  
Each fiercest slogan to outpour  
Full fit to rouse the dying.

Factory and forge and shop and mill,  
In rival hubbub screaming  
Summon to tasks of strength and skill  
The crowds to labor streaming.

Startled from sleep the sick man turns  
Upon his bed of pain,  
Robbed of the rest for which he yearns,  
Too often yearns in vain.

"Is there no voice," he cries aloud  
In weariness and pity,  
"To speak to all the toiling crowd  
"In all this Christian City?

"No voice amid these cries of earth,  
"This dull, discordant din,  
"To plead for gifts of higher worth  
"Than human toil can win?

"Each dawn the faithful Muezzin's call  
"Summons Islam to pray,  
"And slave and sultan prostrate fall,  
"And meet devotion pay.

"Each morn and eve the sacrifice  
"On Zion's altar flamed,  
"While clear the trumpet's silver voice  
"The hour of prayer proclaimed.

"Are Christians only bound to earth,  
"And careless all of heaven,  
"Thus to ignore their gracious Lord  
"Full six days out of seven?"

Hark ! , As he murmurs comes a sound,  
Solemn and kind and clear,  
As angels' silver tones profound  
Thrilling through discord drear.

From yon high hill of emerald green  
A sweet church bell is ringing,  
Beneath its cross-topped spire serene  
A heavenly message singing.

It sings o'er homes of toil and care,  
Of the blessed home above,  
It cries, "Lift up your hearts in pray  
And learn a Father's love."

See Moses on the mount maintain  
Prevailing intercession,  
His people, victors on the plain,  
Have won the prized possession.

So on our hill, though storm-clouds drift,  
'Neath frost, or sultry skies,  
A faithful pastor's hands uplift  
The Christian Sacrifice,



And that sweet bell whose angel tongue  
Hallows each dawn of day,  
Pleads for its Lord with old and young  
Bidding to watch and pray.

—Muscatine, Iowa, 1891.

These thoughts were suggested by the bells at St. Matthias' Church one early morning of a glorious autumn day. In affectionate remembrance of my dear old friend, the late Fr. Laurent, for fifty years rector of the above Church, these lines are now dedicated.

—Calgary, 1908.



# A Butterfly.

---

Child of the summer's blue,  
Nimble and shy,  
Radiant in varied hue,  
Rare Butterfly.

Poised on the lily's lip,  
Drinking her breath,  
Deep the white chalice sip  
Gleaming beneath.

Then upper airs possessed,  
Waif of a breeze,  
Flutter above the crest  
Of swaying trees.

Odors of leaf and bloom  
Nurture thy flight,  
Joyous thy moments come,  
Smiling to Night.

Heart-beat of Nature's heart,  
Pulsed forth as life,  
Prick of sensations smart,  
Thrill of nerve-strife.

Flash of creative flame,  
Quivering—divine,  
Prisoned yet lambent  
In gossamer shrine.

Restless thy purple wings  
Never at peace,  
In thee the poet sings  
Sovereign Caprice.

Sporting thy moments by  
In sunny bowers,  
Type (fashion 'tis to cry)  
Of wasted hours.

Rather thy lot displays  
(So to my seeing)  
Matter's mere fleeting phase,  
Spirit's strong being.

Organ of dust and down  
Swift to earth turning,  
Flame-spirit upward flown  
Evermore burning.

Drop of Life's crystal sea,  
As the Night's dew  
Falling on herb and tree,  
Strength to renew.

Glisten'st thou gloriously  
At the day's birth,  
Prisming victoriously  
Colors of Earth.

Rainbow hues fade in rain  
At sunset's portal;  
Crystal shines clear again,  
Deathless ! Immortal !

—Muscatine, Iowa, October 1893.





# The Undated Life.

(AN ODE TO TIME.)

---

A year has fled—the ashen lips  
Of age bemoan a life's eclipse  
And chant a dirge of vanished youth—  
Yet, when we weigh in reason's scale  
The menace of these spectres pale  
Of “dying years” what is the truth?

Be this my thought—or true or false—  
A year is but this earth's mad waltz  
About the sun, as through the void  
His chariot cuts a flaming swath  
In years, whose dread unreckoned path  
Is strewn with dust of worlds destroyed.

The year, the “annus” is the ring  
Of sun-dyed daisies which we fling  
Upon the undying head of time;  
The petals of our garlands pass  
In seasons transient as the grass,  
Or fretted frond of winter rime.

What are the years, but spray rings cast  
Upon old ocean's bosom vast  
By flirting tip of fulmar's wing;  
Or circles dripped by drifting blade  
Of oar, beneath the placid shade  
Of Thames, in some calm day in Spring?

Larger or less such signs are these  
Lost in the lapping of seas  
Dissolve in liquid leagues of main,  
So in the Universal Space  
No Solar Year shall leave a trace,  
Or time mark on that boundless plain.

Diviner far this life would be  
If lived from petty time marks free  
In one serene unbroken span;  
Why pin your memories, hopes or fears  
Upon the wheeling of the spheres—  
The footstools of the God-made man?

O Soul, thou glint of God's own Light,  
And segment of the Infinite,  
That own'st all Earth and Heaven for Shrine;  
Thy curve of beauty far outruns  
The courses of the puissant suns  
Deepening in Radiance all Divine.

Life is a soundless treasure-well,  
Its riches are unsearchable,  
Its years the Everlasting Now;  
Good-bye, then, to the futile pages  
Where poets sing the "Songs of Ages"  
With quite enthusiastic glow !

So are their soul-awakening pæns  
Who chant the glory of the aeons,  
As froth upon the furrow churned  
Where the twin demon-screws did race  
Across old Ocean's tranquil face,  
And the swift keel the waters spurned.







## Time's Song.

---

Sing a song of Ages,  
A shilling for a rhyme,  
Four and twenty Sages-  
A-measuring of time.  
When they had him meted,  
Every wise man sings,  
"Now he is defeated,  
Gyved and chained with rings."

Time slipped the rings that bound him,  
Leaped their garden rails,  
Swing the Comets round him  
By their fleecy tails,  
Pranced, cavorted, carolled,  
Proved himself full lithe  
Mowing down the millions  
With his silly scythe,

Skipped upon the planets,  
Hopped from one to one,  
Mercury to Neptune,  
Outward from the sun;  
Snatched their hissing orbits,  
Coiled them slick to launch  
Round the necks of meteors  
On his skyey ranch.

Do they say, these Sages,

"Time is growing old.

Turn a few more pages

He'll be stiff and cold?"

Impudence infernal!

They shall see, good sooth,

His is strength eternal—

His a deathless youth?

Years glide from his shoulder

Into the timeless sea,

He is none the older,

For Time's Eternity.



## Letters to H. S. Moore, Esq.

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The letters which follow were written from time to time from various places to a dear friend and former parishioner, Mr. H. S. Moore, of Muscatine, Iowa. As a very slight yet tangible memorial of our close and affectionate intercourse I am seeking to preserve them for a little longer from the too speedy oblivion of the scrap-book.—E. C. P.

(1890)

After a month of lovely weather it rains, a good, steady, old-fashioned downpour, and I seize the occasion to take up my pen and write you a line.

I will give you a piece of news that may be of interest. This morning's post brought me a post-card in the familiar hand of my friend Grey, quaintly humorous and characteristic as usual, containing about four lines—but signed for the first time "Stamford." Looking at yesterday's paper I saw a paragraph to the effect that the death of the Earl of Stamford had been telegraphed from the Cape of Good Hope, and that he was succeeded in the title by his nephew William. So that at

last Grey will step into the ancient title and the handsome income which all his previous life argues that he will bear and use to the good of his country and age.

I have hired from a very good man in London an "Olympia" tandem tricycle, one of the newest pattern, and very light. You would have been amused to see me experimenting on it, with a friend, in South London, in high hat and clerical coat !

This tricycle I met last Thursday at a suburban station, took a ticket for it, and brought it down to Broadstairs, a small but most charming seaside town between Margate and Ramsgate. A friend stayed with us Saturday and Sunday and on Saturday we had very pleasant rides. But it is so light that I can ride it myself almost as easily as an ordinary single.

On Tuesday I had a lovely ride into Margate but not so delightful a return. From Kingsgate to the North Foreland Lighthouse there is a very bad bit of road, full of nasty little flint stones and a steepish hill. Forgetful of the difference between this high mettled racer and my old "steady and stately" Sociable, I imprudently ran this hill at a great pace and coming suddenly upon a broken piece as imprudently applied full brake power. This was altogether more than the machine would endure. With a wild spring and lurch it turned at right angles and ran into a bank, upsetting and pitching me off into the road ! Fortunately I escaped with a bruise or two on the leg, but one wheel was badly twisted up; however, with the friendly help

of some men who were near it was straightened and I was able to ride it into Margate in the afternoon to be put quite right.

Experience is always valuable and I shall now know how to take these light tricycles down hills, and round corners! My doctor has recommended me tricycling exercise and sea bathing and I certainly feel better for both, though my catarrh and cough still hang on.

Tomorrow, if all is well, I intend to start along the south coast from here (Broadstairs) by easy stages of fifteen or twenty miles, and ride to Dover, Folkestone, Hastings, Lewes, Petworth, Petersfield and so to Exton. I mention these names in case you have a map and care to trace the route. I have friends at Lansing College, near Shoreham, at a place called Horsham, and also at Rogate, near Petersfield, at Dover and Folkestone, so I do not expect to be lonely en route.

I wish you were here to occupy the front saddle, I think you would enjoy the trip. I expect to keep a brief diary en route, and will write you again from some point.

No more time now, as we are going into Margate shortly.

Our kind remembrance to all your circle.

Yours affectionately,

E. C. PAGET.

1890.

TO THE SAME

Steamer Parisian, Atlantic Ocean,

Tuesday, June 30, 1891.

Permit me to revert for a moment to my arrival at Montreal. What a beautiful city this is, always a joy to behold! It was very much colder than at home, in fact, quite chilly, when I turned out of my third sleeper and made my way to breakfast at the Albion Hotel, where so much French is spoken by the attendants that it seems quite a foreign land. In the afternoon my old Oxford friend, the Rev. Arthur French, Head Master of St. John's School, went out with me for a short pull on the St. Lawrence. We rowed out just under the stern of the big white "Quebec," one of the two magnificent lower river boats that ply nightly between Montreal and Quebec, then passing up close to the quays, for the current is very strong, we inspected three large ocean steamers which were being laded. This was about 5 p.m. and I had taken a berth by the late train, but at this juncture the happy suggestion occurred to Mr. French to accompany me down to Quebec on the river boat, which starts at 7 p.m. So we hurried up to St. John's and saw the venerable and respected rector, Rev. E. Wood, and after some preliminary preparations made by the Head Master, for this was the day of final examinations and the school closed on the morrow, we sallied forth and had a lovely moonlight steam down to the grand old citadel of Québec.

The Parisian was lying at the Allan's wharf, with steam up ready to start, and a few moment's sufficed us to reach her and get on board. She is a really magnificent liner, of between 5,000 and 6,000 tons burden, has a fine saloon amidships, electric light, and is certainly the sweetest and best ventilated ocean vessel as well as one of the steadiest that I have ever known. I am now writing in the saloon, and we are speeding ahead over a sparkling sea and with a bright sun and fresh breeze. The vast heave of the Atlantic keeps rising and falling even in the calmest weather, but even in the storm of Saturday the ship scarcely rolled at all. On Monday they only made 115 miles owing to the dense fog and consequently we do not expect to be in before Sunday at soonest.

Yesterday was the Canadian national festival, Dominion Day, which was celebrated by draping the Parisian in bunting of every hue, among which the Stars and Stripes fluttered conspicuously, and by a concert in the evening, at which speeches were made by Sir Daniel Wilson of the Toronto University and Professor Nichols of Cornell, U.S.A. We have quite a number of Americans on board, a large contingent from St. Louis, and Professor Nichols and a party of six from Cornell, bent on a vacation trip through Europe. I have been fortunate in finding several friends or friends of friends on board and we have some chess, as well as much pleasant conversation in the course of the regulation promenades. On Thursday evening one-half of the deck was covered



in and tastefully hung with flags and there was quite a successful dance for which some of the stewards furnished music. This is now Saturday, and the Glorious Fourth, and we have the ship again covered with flags, and this time the Stars and Stripes at the forepeak. In the evening there is to be another concert, and probably more rockets. We are hoping to see land about 1 p.m. and they expect that we shall reach Liverpool about 7 a.m. tomorrow, Sunday, 5th.

You must forgive this very dull and disjointed epistle. The sea is not conducive to literary labors; in fact they say no considerable work was ever accomplished at sea, except the work of navigation and war. The day is lovely, the sea is blue, and the prospect of reaching port tomorrow puts everyone into the best of spirits.

Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

Holt Vicarage, Wimborne, Dorset.

England, August 12, 1892.

We arrived here almost direct from Switzerland on July 23rd. Holt is a very scattered and wide-spreading country parish of some 900 population. The farms and laborers' cottages are dotted about in little groups, some

along the roads, some in the green depths of Holt Forest, some out on the open heaths or moors, which are now purple with the heather and golden with the gorse. After a three hours' railway journey from London the old country town of Wimborne is reached, with the grand old Minster in the centre, and our first drive out in a "fly" which we had ordered was very amusing; the driver was a stranger and we made various wrong turnings before finally coming within sight of the Church village green, and vicarage, which constitute the heart of the parish.

The vicarage is a pleasant house of red brick, covered with roses and honeysuckle. I can lean out of my bedroom window and pluck, if I wish, a lovely rose! The lawn tennis ground runs across the front of the house with a gravel path beyond which is lined with standard roses. My cousin, I find, is a great gardener and has budded a number of these himself. Beyond the path is a rustic fence and hedge and then the vicarage field, and beyond that other fields which stretch to the fir plantation on the horizon, so that the house is delightfully private and commands a most extensive view. Adjoining the vicarage garden is the churchyard with its well-kept graves, so that I have only to walk out of the door cross the drive and am in the Church in a minute.

The Church is not beautiful, although a newly-added chancel is very nice. It is capable of seating 300. The choir is surpliced and composed of the men and boys of

the village." The old sexton is proud of the fact that he has four sons in the choir and also in the village band. He is a great talker and is never tired of dilating upon the fact, also, that he has a brother in America, another in Australia, and one who was in the Crimean war, and died, as he thinks, in Asia, thus spreading the family over four continents. The schoolmaster, Mr. Godding, is a very intelligent and excellent person; he is also organist, choir master and clerk, and the singing certainly does him credit.

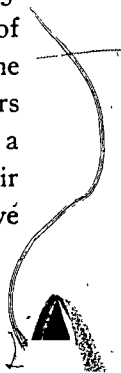
The regular Sunday services are Holy Communion at 8 a.m., Morning Prayer and Sermon at 11, Children's Service (about half an hour) at 3 p.m., Evensong and Sermon at 6.30 p.m. This last service has been well attended, people walking here from considerable distances. Morning Prayer is said every morning at 9.45; and these services, with occasional visits to any sick people, constitute my work, so you see that it is in many ways a holiday and change, though the Sunday is full.

Last Monday I had a very interesting day. In response to an invitation from Lord Stamford, I went up to stay with him for a day or two, to hear the Queen's Speech in the House of Lords and the debate. The Houses of Parliament cover an immense area, and it was quite a walk from the clock tower round to Peers' entrance. There I found a group of officials in scarlet uniforms and curiously shaped headgear who directed me to the Chamberlain's office where they exchanged my order for a special ticket of admission for the opening

ceremony. On returning I met Lord Stamford, and then, after some windings, found myself in the gallery reserved for visitors. This faces the Throne and the woolsack, and commands a good view of the peers' seats on either side.

At two o'clock Black Rod entered carrying the great mace of office and followed by the Lord Chancellor in scarlet robes and wig, who took his seat on the woolsack immediately in front of the Throne. Then the Bishop of St. Asaph (there were three bishops present in their robes) read prayers, and then the Lord Chancellor retired and speedily returned leading the procession of Lords Commissioners, all in their full peers' robes and cocked hats, who took their seats. Then Black Rod went to summon the Commons, and presently we heard them crowding in to the Bar of the House, which is immediately below our gallery, so that I could not see them. The Lord Chancellor then read the Queen's speech, bowed to the Commons, and the ceremony was over.

On descending to the great central lobby I found the noble Earl writing another order for my benefit to enable me to hear the debate which was to begin at 4.15. We then went through the House of Lords, saw some of the chief rooms and the library, and then out onto the terrace above the river, which is reserved for members of the Houses, and is a charming place to stroll for a breath of fresh air after the weary debates. The air from the river is fresh and the scene constantly alive



with steamers and boats. Then we crossed over to Westminster Abbey for Evensong, which is daily sung at 3 p.m.

While enjoying a refreshing cup of tea afterwards at a little Vienna bakery we heard great cheering in the street as some great man, probably Gladstone, was arriving.

On returning to the House I secured a good place in the gallery and watched the arrival of the Peers with great interest. The ministerial side was fairly filled, about forty or sixty present, and some forty of the Opposition. Lord Salisbury as he walked in and took his seat was greeted with cheers. He is a fine looking man with a magnificent forehead. I also recognized the Minister for Scotland, the Marquis of Lothian, on the front bench, and the Duke of Devonshire opposite. The mover and seconder of the address to the Queen, clad as is customary in military uniforms, then made their speeches, the first fairly good, the second—well, any high school boy might do better. He became regularly “rattled,” poor young man, but the Peers were very courteous and encouraged him as much as they could. Then after speeches from the Leader of the Opposition and three more or less independent peers, Lord Salisbury advanced to the table and delivered a very interesting speech. He has a beautiful rich voice and an easy and forcible delivery, and his peroration on the maintainence of the Empire was very effective. Then the Duke of

Devonshire, the Leader of the Liberal-Unionists, spoke quite at length, a tremendous arraignment of the Gladstonians, and soon after the sitting ended.

Again meeting Stamford, we walked down Parliament Street and Whitehall and up Charing Cross Road, and then plunged into the intricacies of the curious little streets of Soho. In Little Compton Street he led the way into a quaint Italian restaurant which he had discovered; there we had an excellent dinner. About 9 p.m. we walked through streets and courts crowded with people and finally to Hanover Square, where at the St. George's Club we called on my Canadian friend, Mr. Oliver Howland, of whom I think I wrote Mr. Richman. From there we walked on to the Grosvenor Club and looked at the latest bulletins, and then mounted to the top of an omnibus and had a delightful ride through the evening air to Kensington, where we arrived at Stamford's lodgings at 10 p.m.

I think one of the most interesting things about this visit to the House of Lords was to realize its wonderful historical continuity. There, one thought, are the officials just probably as they were in Plantagenet and Tudor days. So might Strafford or Wolsey or the great Glanville have sat arrayed in the same robes, while some great trial for High Treason, or some political event of national importance was taking place.

Westminster Hall itself is there unaltered, and as I looked at the walls and roofs I pictured the scene when it was lined with benches up to the roof for Strafford's

trial, and the King and all the notabilities were there in strained anxiety, while scenes of extraordinary disorder, eating, drinking and laughter, were enacted among the mass of spectators.

We have had and are having glorious summer weather since returning to England. The country needs rain, but meanwhile they are getting in the harvest in perfect weather. We sail on the 22nd proximo.

E. C. PAGET.

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Shanty Bay, Ont., August 4, 1893.\*

Great changes are often brought about by insignificant causes—the mouse may gnaw the rope which sets the lion free—and to descend from generals to particulars (or generals to privates, as Mrs. Malaprop puts it) had it not been for the observant eye of young John Watts, and the fact that his mother's kettle was boiling, and he waiting for his tea, with leisure to turn things over in his mind, and wit sharpened by hunger, I never

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\* This was my first visit to this charming little place, since grown so dear, whose Churchyard is now a place of sacred memories where the glorious forest trees stand sentinel over the white Cross, and the blue lake smiles up to it through the lattice of their leaves.

should have been here today after dining with you on Sunday. Such, however, is life, the world is whirled along, and we are hurried along in its train.

We left Chicago at 2.30 p.m. and after a pleasant and uneventful run reached Toronto at 8.20 a.m. I had just time to glance at a beefsteak and cup of coffee and then sprang aboard the northern 8.30 train. This train understands giving you the full value of your ticket as regards the length of your enjoyment of its hospitality by various devices, such as going backwards instead of forwards, the engine proving childishly intolerant of a steep grade, and stopping two or three times at the same station.

Gowan, where I was to alight, is only a flag station, where we arrived about noon. An aged man who came to take the mail pouch "off the hook" on which it is generally caught, walked down with me towards the lake and indicated this abode where I found my sister, and was greeted by the welcome sniff of roast beef smoking on the midday board. This is a new little house perched on an open point within 50 yards of the waters of this beautiful bay, which is an arm of Lake Simcoe about three miles wide and ten long.

Sister Frederica, with the other Sisters and their orphan girls, have a charming cottage in a wood near the Church, an ideal summer retreat. There they have their meals under the trees, and can wander as they please in Colonel O'Brien's woods and bathe in the lake. The little church is very nice and stands in its own



churchyard, which is quite large, with a fine dark background of forest trees surrounding two sides. Mr. Cooper, the rector, is a delightful old gentleman, a veteran backwoods missionary, yet full of vigor and earnestness, and delighting in the pleasure of this ideal parish. The Wednesday evening service which we attended is very like our Friday evening service, with a good attendance and quite hearty singing.

There is, properly speaking, no village here—a Post Office, School, and Church, with a few houses scattered along the road, and some nice country homes along the Bay. There are some pretty light cedar boats here, one of which I have rented, and the mornings and evenings on the Bay are delightful. The water is clear as glass and fine for bathing, much cooler and more bracing than the Mississippi. The little steamers running from the town of Barrie, about six miles up the Bay, to Big Bay Point, pass quite near to us and sometimes whistle their salute when we wave to them.

I hope that all is going well at home, and ere this reaches you Dr. Riley will have arrived and be comfortably settled in the rectory.

We expect to be here about a fortnight, until the 14th, and then expect to go down the St. Lawrence below Quebec if we can get rooms, to a little place called Cap-à-l'Aigle, which is entirely French.

We have but one post a day, "caught off the hook," like a fresh fish, and I must now wend my way to mail this.

Gowan is the name of this Flag Station—it is susceptible of various railroad jokes—I will leave them to your well-known capabilities. With our very kind regards to all inquiring friends I will close.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

Cap-à-l'Aigle, Murray Bay, P.Q., Aug. 18, 1893.

Has not the above a tidey, salt, or Jacques Cartier flavor? Indeed the change is striking from the sunny sandy levels of Lake Simcoe to the bold rocks, backed by the blue Laurentian range and fronted by the salt or brackish waters of this giant of the rivers, which here is almost an arm of the sea, its bosom rising and falling in response to the ocean tides, and its surface furrowed by the long dark deep-water vessels, whose forms glide dimly past in the far mid-channel out to the Gulf and the Atlantic, or in-bound to Quebec and Montreal. The stately steamer which conveys us from Montreal to Quebec made light of the strong east wind, and scarcely condescended to bend in wheeling round to her wharf, but the little "Bohemian," which carried us on danced and curvetted not a little as the waters widened out and the waves grew heavier. Part of the coast is very stern, the rocks running sheer down to the water's edge, and against these the weight of the surge was quite fiercely breaking. As we coasted along quite near the shore it

seemed a very formidable and grim lee-shore in the event of engines or rudder breaking down. However no untoward event occurred and in due time, having touched at Baie St. Paul, we were landed at Murray Bay, where a friend met us with our old French landlord, who took charge of the baggage. Away we drove through the long street of the village, past pretty summer residences, buried among vines, and the large parish church and schools.

The hotels and chief houses lie amid the woods on Point-a-Pic, the western horn of the bay. From there the village sweeps round to the Murray River, which descends through a fine gorge from the Laurentian Mountains. Here the main coast road from Quebec comes into the village and having crossed the river and climbed the hills beyond pursues its way eastward along the shore of the St. Lawrence. Two miles beyond the Murray after winding romantically up through the woods, we arrived at Cap-à-l'Aigle, which forms the eastern horn of the bay. Nothing but French is spoken here, and that of the strange patois of this Lower Province.

Our house is a nice old-fashioned low farm house, a house with three front doors. This is the plan of it and as it seems characteristic I will briefly describe it. A wooden platform or gallery (uncovered) runs along the entire length and is ascended by three short flights of steps opposite each of the three front doors. Enter the door to the right and you will find our party cosily

seated in a spacious and comfortable parlor round a large table reading or writing. Enter the centre door, whose pre-eminence is announced by four red balls surmounting the lintel and you are in the kitchen, a clean and commodious room. Enter the third door on the left and you will find at certain hours, the hungry guests giving a warm welcome to the trout, chickens, raspberries and other delicacies which Mme. Tremblay provides. Thus, you see, the entire house is divided on the ground floor and in front into three good-sized rooms, and out of each of these open two pleasant chambers. Upstairs some chambers have been partitioned off, but a large unplastered attic remains in the centre. This is divided by a row of beams about three and a half feet high, and in order to get from one end to the other a little stile has been built which the occupant of the end room has to climb in order to reach the head of the stairs.

A nice little Episcopal chapel has been in existence here for some years. Dr. Allnatt, one of the Professors of Lennoxville University, has been summer chaplain here for a long time and has gradually transformed it into a very church-like interior. He gives us daily morning service at 9.15 o'clock, which we always attend, and has kindly given me permission to celebrate Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. on Sunday.

Yesterday morning, having scrambled down through the woods to the rock-bound coves of the shore, I entered for a hasty dip in the briny. Oh, but it was cold ! Afterwards the glow was exhilarating, and one felt as

though nothing could be cold again. It is splendidly bracing but the beach is so covered with hard pebbles and sharp rocks that it is a sore trial to get into the sea and to get out again.

The people here use still the old-fashioned *calèche*, a high two-wheeled vehicle, and the horses go up and down the steepest and most impracticable places like flies up a window pane. Three ladies boarding here started out today and drove up into the interior to the top of one of the mountain passes. On returning they reported that such was the steepness and condition of the roads that two of the party had fallen out literally, one sheer out on the grass and the other, who was driving, almost to the ground, but by clinging to the reins and exerting somewhat unusual muscular powers she managed to swing herself up again. The horses are fortunately steady as Old Time. This road is the one connecting link between the civilization of Quebec and the remote villages which are strung along the river into the rocky wilderness of the Saguenay and Labrador. If the weather holds fine I have a great ambition to follow it over the mountains to the Saguenay, about thirty miles or so away. I do not suppose there are any inns but presume one could get shelter and food. We expect to be here until Wednesday the 30th. It is quite cold. I am sitting in my overcoat.

E. C. PAGET.

TO THE SAME.

Cap-à-l'Aigle, Province of Quebec,

September 2nd, 1893.

As our time in this charming place draws to a close, its various features take on an additional interest. For one thing we have heard people talk in a general way about driving to Fraser Falls, as people in holiday resorts usually make the most of any little local celebrity. Having seen waterfalls and even Niagara several times, we did not feel curiosity. Thursday last, however, was a most glorious and walk-inspiring day, bright sun, and fresh autumnal breeze, so after dinner I started on an excursion with some vague idea of the falls of the Fraser River as a terminus.

You will I think remember that our farm faces the high road along the coast and the river beyond and below it. Behind run up fields of oats and wheat just ripening for the reaper to the lowest slopes of the Laurentian foothills. Ascending through the yard I climbed two snake fences and found myself in a rough road which leads steeply upwards to a fine knoll crowned with a group of pines and balsams, whence a superb view is obtained to the south-east and west of the magnificent river, and to the north-west of the fine valley of the Murray, with the blue Laurentian ridge rising in the background. Immediately to the north some steep foothills densely dotted with timber form a wall shutting out more distant sights. As far as this point I had been

before with Dr. Allnatt, and from him had gathered a general though misty geographical outline of the lay of the Fraser River and of the position of the falls. It must run down somewhere through the midst of those dark pine-clad ravines, apparently about five miles to the north-west.

Pushing on for about half a mile the road descended through a wood to a rude bridge, beneath which a small river full and dark from the recent tremendous storms, dashed tumultuously over a rocky bed and a fall of a few feet. Just beyond two carriages and their drivers were waiting. Having crossed the bridge one descends the right bank by a little path that winds in and out among the trees, and is, in places, scarcely visible. Soon a dull, heavy sound struck upon the ear, and hastening onward, it soon became evident that something very fine indeed was in store. Between the bushes the gleaming waters could be seen hurrying onward with gathering force and impetuousness in a channel of living rock, that descends here and there in great steps which were seething in a mass of white foam.

The path, to dignify it by a name it scarcely merits, now descended from the ridge by rock ledges for some distance and then ran out upon a most remarkable ledge. Imagine a sheer wall of rock not more than four feet wide at the top descending a sheer cliff on your left hand to the sides of a great dark pool into which the cataract is pouring from the opposite height in a fall of some eighty or ninety feet. On your right this wall on which

you stand shoots down almost as abruptly but clad with trees into the concealed and secret depth of a great ravine completely filled with the unbroken forest. In the centre of this bridge of Mahomet grows an isolated little pine tree on which you can rest and steady yourself while taking your fill of the grand scene.

It is certainly one of the grandest falls I have ever seen, not merely from height and volume of water but from certain peculiarities in the natural setting of rock and wood. The river's path has been cloven for it through the adamantine stone of the Laurential Hills either by volcanic agency or the long wear of the ages. But so stubborn has been the rock in yielding that it has caused the river to twist and writhe in the most singular manner. A great buttress, dark and hard as iron and in a fashion exactly like some rough heavy buttress of a mediaeval stronghold stands on the left bank and has turned the river from its direct course, giving it a twist to the right. The water in its fall strikes numerous ledges, spurting and boiling up in jets and fountains in its inner depths, while the outward curtain sweeps down and embraces all and, as it were, nets the whole mass of crystal and cream into one, as it leaps into the black pool beneath.

All this you see from your narrow rocky eyrie directly opposite; and also how the river leaving the whirlpool by a sharp bend to the left pours out in a very narrow V-shaped trough of rock at the base of a grand cliff some two hundred feet high on the left bank, and at



a rocky height on the right. The enterprising explorer now advances with caution, and by the help of some sinuous cedar boughs reaches a wider portion of this great promontory, which juts out for some twenty yards and then ends. Around the face of this headland of rock the river takes a sweep to the right over a second and more graceful if less majestic fall, and then glides into the darkness of the great ravine, where three valleys converge. It is a situation of really unusual interest and grandeur to stand on this rocky cape and look down on the left into the river channel far below, and on the right into this spacious amphitheatre of deep green, where nothing is visible but the tree tops which are gleaming in sunlight or darkling in shadow.

On issuing again from this path on to the road I found that it was 5.45 o'clock, and it seemed a long distance to look back over the way I had come, so setting out with a good swinging gait I speedily descended the road and cut across some fields, thus saving about a mile.

But now a new danger lurked in this path. As I was clearing the last field a big black dog came raging up in the distance. Fortunately I escaped him by descending into the road, but now it seemed as twilight was approaching every farmer owned a dog who combined a malignant joy with a mistaken sense of duty to the family, in rushing out at the belated traveller with most inhospitable barks and gnashings of his teeth. A very gentle remonstrance occasionally followed these onslaughts, from the denizens of the farm, who never

seemed to think of forestalling or checking the brute in its pernicious ways. Once in the forest again I felt safe, and presently finding a pretty good path running from the road in what seemed the right direction I turned into it and found, to my joy, that it traversed the belt of woodland and brought me out almost at the foot of my clump of pines. Another time I shall not have to struggle through untrodden brakes to reach the road. A short descent restored me to the welcome supper table.

Yesterday I drove my sisters to the Falls in a *calèche*. I may mention that the Upper Fraser Falls, which I have endeavored to describe, are comparatively a new discovery. They seem only to have been known about fourteen years and indeed they are so buried in woods, and the district is so inaccessible and itself unknown, that I can well believe it.

It has turned cold and autumnal today, after two glorious days. We are hoping for a fine day and night for our steam up to Montreal next Wednesday or Thursday. With our kindest remembrances to all.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

S. S. Mongolian, Atlantic Ocean, about


56 miles N. Latitude, 2,400

miles from the Irish Coast, June, 1895.

This is a rainy morning, and deprived of the deck promenadè and the ocean breezes it behooves me to fill up the time below as many are now doing by reading

and writing. Therefore this letter shall be begun and if possible finished, and posted from Liverpool. It was so very hot from the moment of leaving Muscatine until we reached the Gulf that one's brains were held in solution, and consequently you will understand it seemed well-nigh impossible to write anything home from Montreal, though I managed to write a line to Dr. Sterneman to tell him all was right so far.

Mr. R. Johnson met me at the hotel and Mrs. A. Dunsmore and her son Clarence were kind enough to call to see me. I had not seen them since the World's Fair so we all dined together at the Gore Restaurant and enjoyed a final American banquet of turkey and cranberry sauce. At 3 p.m. we started. Oh, it was hot! Reached Toronto at 8.30 the next morning. Mr. Johnson went on by boat the same day and met his brother, Rev. W. Johnson (who officiated at Muscatine one summer and is now at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.), at Clayton, and they ran the rapids and reached Montreal Thursday night. I spent two days with my sister (Sister Fred-erica) in Toronto, and reached Montreal on Friday morning. There I spent some time in the Spence Glass Works. I also enjoyed a delightful visit with my dear old friend, Rev. E. Wood of St. John's Church. We embarked about 8 p.m. and sailed the next morning. There were a large number of passengers and cattle aboard. The latter are no sort of annoyance but rather an interest. It seems more homelike to have these great creatures with us, and so far only one has died. In fact,

the proportion lost by this company out of 4,000 carried over in a year was less than one-fourth of one-per cent. on the average. The rooms are large and airy. The saloon is well fitted up for the meals and the attendance is good. The ship travels very little slower than the *Parisian*, and is one of the easiest in all her motions that I have ever been in. We three have a large room to ourselves and none of our party have succumbed to the sea or missed a single meal, although on Wednesday and Thursday we had plenty of motion. We met a party of twelve ladies from Chicago, all travelling under the supervision of one somewhat care-worn gentlewoman in black, who went round the ship with two glasses industriously dosing her party with some bromide specific against sea-sickness. However, when the Atlantic was reached I fear most of them were compelled to retire from public life. Then we had Commander Ash of the Royal Navy returning from the China Station, having visited friends in Canada, etc. He is bronzed and  a thorough sailor. Between him and the captain sits an old gentleman, a scion of aristocracy, Lord Howard de Walden, and at the head of the next table Judge Lucas, an eminent and much-respected Frenchman of Montreal. Mr. Greenshields, said to be the ablest lawyer in Canada, is also on board. There is one man who has become somewhat conspicuous, a man of Scotch descent and a Canadian from his youth. He has been quite humorous, and rather prominent from his loud voice and Scotch accent. He had also in a good-natured sort of way been

rather, jocose at the expense of some of the passengers. On the 4th when the American ladies appeared with little flags and the Stars and Stripes displayed in various ways, he made himself somewhat obnoxious by his remarks on the subject, and his very pronounced anti-American attitude. In the afternoon, while most were on deck engaged in shuffleboard or quoits, someone pinned the Stars and Stripes on the back of his coat, and as he proceeded quite unconsciously along the deck he was followed by a roar of laughter and applause; being quite unconscious of the cause of the general amusement until a lady somewhat foolishly pulled off the flag and handed it to him. I regret to say that he did not show the appreciation of the joke which such a joker should, but was seriously enraged, and behaved rather absurdly, I believe, though I was not present at the time. However, he has cooled down now. The amusing part of it was that it was a Canadian clergyman, with one or two others, who perpetrated the joke upon him.

Sunday, 9th, afternoon.—The voyage has continued good and uneventful. We had the usual concert last night, which was quite good. A gentleman, a Polish Jew, recited "The Jew's Last Ride," a Western story quite splendidly. Today we had a nice service, all of us clergy taking part, and the sermon falling to my share. We are now about 150 miles from land and the wind and sea are rising. We may have a rough time yet before getting in. I will keep this envelope open and try to add a P. S. to tell of our landing. Our present pro-

gramme is to go on to Chester if we land in time tomorrow night, and spend the night there, see the Cathedral, and go on on the 9th to Tamworth and Elford.

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TO THE SAME.

I am beginning this letter on a lovely Sunday afternoon seated under a spreading chestnut tree, with the vast bulk of the Eiger towering up to the right and the snows and precipices of the Fiescher with the Lower Grindelwald Glacier immediately in front. We are all having tea, that is Irving and Mrs. Richman, my sister, the two Johnsons and myself, after morning service and 1 p.m. lunch, and have been discussing plans in a most deliciously idle way. The Johnsons and I landed in England on Monday, the 8th, and spent the night at Chester. Next morning we were up with the proverbial lark and had walked round the glorious old walls and obtained a very good idea of the town before breakfast, after which we saw the Cathedral, attended part of the service, and departed on the 11.30 train, Mr. Reginald J. and I to visit my cousin at Elford, and the Rev. Walter to take in Kensington, Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon. We had a very pleasant visit at Elford and went on next day to London, did some necessary business, and saw the pictures in the Royal Academy. I also had a pleasant visit with Mr. Hugh Harting, whose father is librarian of the institute at

Burlington House. At 5.30 p.m. we left London for Broadstairs where we stayed with another cousin of mine, and the following day, having met Walter Johnson at Dover, started for the Continent. It had been quite hot on shore and the few hours' steam to Ostend was quite refreshing, the magnificent boat rushing through the water at almost railroad speed. A tiresome night journey from Ostend brought us to Cologne, where we had just time to see the Cathedral before proceeding to Heidelberg. We arrived at Heidelberg at 3.30, three as dusty and travel-worn creatures as you might wish to see. I told you of Heidelberg and its attractions last year, so we will pass it by. Next morning we pursued our way and were fortunate in a full carriage to meet an old German gentleman who spoke English quite perfectly, and from whom we learned that far the most picturesque and direct route to St. Gall was not by Freiburg, Bale and Zurich, as we had taken our tickets, and which would necessitate our staying the night at Zurich and not reaching St. Gall until Sunday, but to change at Offenburg and take the Black Forest train to Constance and so along the shore of the Lake to Rorschach and up to St. Gall on the other side.

A hurried consultation was held and we decided to make this change of route and to risk getting back from Cook our money for the unused coupons of our tickets. The change was an immense gain; the railway, which is a new one, runs up and through the gorges and pine-covered hills and even mountains of the Black Forest

till it attains a high, green and fertile table-land, where the air is delightfully fresh and fragrant after the hot Rhinelands; and from which it descends past Singen with a fine view of the Hohentviel, to Constance, which is still a name that recalls much of historical interest. A pleasant run along the lake and then up to a considerable elevation landed us at St. Gall at 9 p.m. We found Mr. Richman at the station, who accorded a most cordial welcome, and of whose hospitality to me and my friends I cannot say enough. With him, we made the expedition into Canton Appenzell, intending to walk up from Weissbad, which was reached at 7 p.m. to the Wildkirchlein. We mounted the rocky path and gradually drew in under the vast overhanging cliff of the Eben Alp and turning a buttress of it came at length to a little box of a hotel wedged into a crevice. Here was to be the end of our toils, as it was 9 p.m. and growing dark, but alas for the fortuitousness of circumstances! Every bed was occupied, and even the hay in the barn pre-empted by a large party from Zurich. There was nothing for it but to push on up the narrow path, which soon led us to the little Wild Kirchlein, a wide open cave fitted up with an altar, rude benches and a bell. Part of this path was over planks resting upon support driven into the living rock, and with a terrific precipice beneath. Just beyond the Chapel opens another and larger cavern which was the home of Etkehard. Here a mountain maiden, issuing from a chalet, piloted us through the dark interior by a path which sloped gradually up-



wards and finally, after obliging us to stoop quite low in places, opened out onto the upper face of the Eben Alp. Upwards we push through the gathering gloom until the friendly bark of a dog attracted us to the chalet perched on the very summit, where we were so fortunate as to find supper and beds. Next day we descended and then mounted the Hoher Kasten with its glorious views of the valleys of the Rhine and Ill and of the Austrian Alps. We returned to St. Gall by 9 p.m. I was very fortunate in that the final revise proof of Mr. Richman's new book, Appenzel, had just arrived, and on the following day, Tuesday, I was able to read several of the chapters, which are full of interest and written in a very clear and graphic style. He finished correcting this proof and sent it to the publisher next day, and they are expecting to have the work come out next September. From St. Gall we came on here to Grindelwald and found Mrs. Richman and Miss Paget, who has been here about a week, so that, as I said at the beginning, we are now quite a large party. Miss Paget is, I am thankful to say, very much stronger and better, and able to walk quite a good deal and enjoy this charming place. On Friday the two Johnsons and I had a grand climb up to the ladders and narrow gorge leading to the Ice Sea above the upper glaciers with glorious views of the Wetterhorn and the great snow fields on its slopes. Next day the Johnsons climbed the Faulhorn, a long and arduous day, but more of a walk than a climb.

TO THE SAME.

London, August 28, 1895.

This is the last day on shore, and I send you the closing chapters of my strange adventures in Europe. Nothing very notable befell us during the latter days of our stay at Alverstoke. I think the most interesting thing was the arrival one afternoon of our cousin, Mr. Hasler, driving a high drag with four-in-hand from Exton about fifteen miles inland. It created quite a sensation in the quiet lanes and village streets when Mr. Hasler, who is a practised whip, tooled his handsome leaders and wheelers round the narrow corners at a spanking trot. They had like to have met with an accident, too, for missing the direct road, they had become involved in a maze of country lanes (which were long, but yet had many turnings) and finally approached the sea near Fort Gomer, about one and one-half miles west of Alverstoke. Inquiring of a chance soldier the route, he told them to drive on over a bridge and along the shore road eastward. Now this involved crossing two narrow iron military bridges over a moat, old and somewhat frail. Quite unsuspecting of peril, Mr. Hasler bowled along the narrow and curving road, when suddenly bump came the horses down upon this quivering bridge, which almost swayed under the heavy drag. The second one yet remained, and the runners jumped down to run alongside the horses, but were almost annihilated

by the narrowness of the way. The horses, scared by the clanking and shaking, tried to bolt but fortunately were brought up in a short distance.

Afterwards, walking back over the same drawbridge, we read a notice, "Drive slowly, this bridge is unsafe for heavy weights." Fancy the crash and collapse if the whole thing had gone down with them into the moat, which is unromantically shallow and full of weeds and slime! On Monday I made my farewells to the lovely Solent and went on to spend the night at Bournemouth. By starting early we reached Weymouth just twenty minutes before the hour my cousin had fixed for his wedding. He and his brothers met me and we crossed the street to the church, which is just opposite the station. In due time the bride, Miss. Maude Purser, arrived, and the wedding took place. It was extremely quiet, as the mother of these boys had died not a very long time ago. I had known them all so well and so long that it was very pleasant to be able to perform the solemn and beautiful service for them. Indeed they had kindly arranged it two or three weeks before the intended time to suit my convenience. After this service we walked round and inspected the new abode, and then they all walked with me to the station and saw me off to London. Was it not highly unconventional, but very cousinly and delightful? Mr. and Mrs. Claude Paget make their wedding journey in a sailing vessel to Australia and New Zealand, and we rather hope that they may visit us in Muscatine on their return journey

in the spring. I arrived in London yesterday, and first chose a wedding present and dispatched it, and then started to accept an invitation from Lord and Lady Stamford to dine with them at the Hyde Park Club to meet Mr. Dudley Warner, the author, whom you may remember Stamford visited in 1888, when he was also with us in Muscatine, and who, it seems, made him more or less the original of his Englishman in "A Little Journey in the World." Just preceding me into the handsome entrance hall of the club was a rather tall and good-looking gentleman with iron gray hair and beard and bushy eyebrows. Something indescribable in his appearance and movements as he took off and hung up his coat and hat assured me that he was an American gentleman, and I followed him upstairs, where we were cordially greeted and introduced by our hosts. Lady Stamford, who makes a most gracious and charming entertainer, took Mr. Warner's arm, while his lordship and I followed them to the dining room of the club, where dinner was served to us at a cosy table in a secluded corner. Mr. Warner was very agreeable and talked most pleasantly. He told us among other things of his trip that day on an omnibus to a suburb in the east part of London, and also of an expedition to the seat of the late Lord Lytton the novelist, including a very characteristic anecdote of an old laborer on the estate. Hearing I was from Muscatine he asked after Mr. Carskaddan, who, he told us, had rooms next to his at college, and of whom he had long wanted to hear. He was perfectly

delighted when I was able to tell him particulars and twice begged me to be sure and give the Judge his love and best remembrances. He was also interested to learn about Miss French, of Davenport, as he admired her writings as Octave Thanet, but was not acquainted with her real name. This afternoon Lord Stamford is going to take us down to Oxford House, Bethnal Green, the University settlement among the poor of East London, which he knows so well and which Mr. Warner is anxious to inspect.

I shall either lunch with them at Whitehall Court, or more probably lunch with my sister here, and join them at 3 p.m., when we shall probably mount the top of an omnibus and so navigate the streets to our distant bourne. I spoke to him also about Mr. Richman and his writings, so that I hope he may be interested beforehand in "Appenzell" when it comes out, though I suppose his own line of reading and thought is more in the direction of poetry and romance. One very interesting little incident of the dinner was (you remember the dramatic personae of "The Little Journey of the World," do you not?) when Lady Stamford leaned over towards him and archly said, "Margaret was a real character?" "No," he replied, "I have known two cases like her, but she was not real except to me. To me she was real. I couldn't get rid of her from my mind, with her troubles and anxieties, and so had to kill her, as the only way out of them." Then he told us an interesting little circumstance in connection with this story.

We sail tomorrow, and I hope for a calm passage for Miss Paget's sake. She seems pretty well today. Hoping to meet you ere long, and with our love to you all.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

The Beach, Rosseau, Muskoka, August 7, 1896.

I am beginning this letter on the slope of a hill that runs up behind this house and under the shelter of some beach and maple trees. My sisters are also reclining in the same rural spot. One is reading Punch, and the other the "Church Times !" Over the house the waving tree tops glitter in the waters of lovely Lake Rosseau, while sweeping around our backs are rocky hills covered thick with birch, maple and poplar of a stunted growth. You are asking, I think, "Where is Muskoka?" It would, I imagine, be somewhat of a surprise had you arrived with us at Gravenhurst last Tuesday on the mail train from Gowan about 2 p.m. when the Muskoka express raced in from Toronto and swept round the curve direct to the wharf. We followed and there found two trains disgorging passengers and luggage into two steamboats, one for Lake St. Joseph and the other for Lake Rosseau. On leaving the pier we enter Lake Muskoka and steam up it, winding amid some narrow and rocky inlets and around islands and stopping from time to time at little wharves either of private houses or of hotels. I encountered two American clergymen, a Mr.

Blazdon, rector of St. James, Buffalo, and Mr. Herron, of Newcastle, Pa. They said they had been up here for eight years and owned an island between them. One of them said he had tried every other place and found nothing equal to Muskoka, bracing air, bathing, boating, etc. At Beaumaris they left us and took another boat for Bala. It took about three hours to reach the head of Lake Muskoka and then at Port Carling we passed through a lock into Lake Rosseau, which is even prettier. The shores of this lake are rocky but tree-clad, with numerous bays, islands and inlets, and the steamboat winds about from side to side touching at little wharves and leaving a mail bag, for which a crowd of the summer people, campers and cottagers, are gathered, and little boats are seen pulling up from every side to get the letters. Windermere is quite a large hotel and there was a crowd on the wharf. I was quite surprised to hear my name mentioned, first doubtfully and then with assurance, "Yes, it is Mr. Paget," and there were Mrs. Phillips and her two daughters, from St. Louis, whom I had met last summer. We had a few moments for chatting and were off again. It was getting dusk when the Captain indicated a projecting and well-wooded cape and announced that Cotes was around that point. We soon ran into the little wharf and were the only passengers landed. A rather timorous-looking little man was there who said he had come over for us. We followed him to a not very spacious row-boat into which we just managed to pack with a few small things, leav-

ing our boxes alone on the wharf with the trees and the lake to watch over them. It was a lovely evening, calm and starlit, and it was a most enjoyable pull across the bay under the deep shadows of the wooded shores to where a single lantern was dimly visible to guide us to the boathouse of the "Beach." Having landed, we followed our guide, who bore a lantern, through winding paths and around sweet-smelling flower borders to the porch of a nice old-fashioned log house with a plain frame verandah and were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Laurason, our hostess.

We found here quite a company of people, two families, (at least), from Memphis, Tenn., and several more from Toronto.

Everything here is done by boat. Most of the families have hired a boat for the season, and there are six in the boathouse. The shores just opposite are sandy and our own beach a lovely sand which makes bathing pleasant. The breezes get up with extreme rapidity and hence boating on these lakes is rather dangerous. About a week ago a gentleman with his three children was rowing on this lake when a sudden squall came down on them, tore the oars out of his hands and upset the boat. Fortunately it happened in a shallow place, and as it was dark, and he was afraid of moving into deep water, he and the eldest child had to stand up all night holding up the two younger children. In the morning the searching parties saw them and brought them in.



Rosseau itself is a village at the head of the lake about two miles beyond us. There is a store, a livery and the big summer hotel, a post-office and a Church of England Church. This morning we had another delightful row on the lake, and three ladies rowed over in a boat in the evening and made us a visit. Mrs. Hoskyns from Memphis has relatives in Muscatine.

We get our mail and post our letters by individual enterprise. The steamer gets to Rosseau about 8.15 p.m. and generally some of the people row around to get the letters, returning about 10 p.m., while at the same time they post those written to be taken on the next morning's boat, which leaves at 6.30 a.m. We are living in quite a primitive way. It suggests to me what it would be to be an inhabitant of the lake and river districts of Sweden. We shall mostly go to Church in boats tomorrow.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

Children's Island, off Marblehead, Mass,

September 6th, 1896.

AN INDESCRIBABLE SCENE—A FRAGMENT.

I re-opened the letter because I have, since closing it, witnessed a scene about which I must speak, though it is indescribable by any words of mine. The rain ceased and I hastened out to the end of the island to see what

was to be seen, for this is by the far the biggest wind we have had. When I reached the great grey rocks which rise at the extreme southeast end like a second bastion, above the rugged and broken red rocks which jut out at the base, I felt myself ushered into the very presence of a critical scene in the drama that is forever being enacted between sea and land. The wooing of the waves, the rejection of the rocks, old ocean stirred to his depths by passion breaking his heart upon the grim, unresponsive granite. On my right and immediately below frothed and boiled the narrow channel, fifty yards wide, between our island and a high round crag which I have named St. Michael's Mount. Nearer in lay a mass of big broken boulders like an outlying redoubt, and against these the seas seemed to hurl themselves with especial fury and persistency as the French did upon Hugoumont at Waterloo. Great, broad dull-green billows would sweep in upon this devoted outpost, burst upon its face, overwhelm it with foam, and, as the water whirled down and back, the rocks lifted themselves, blackened by the moisture, and with each cleft and seam between them transformed into a white foaming cascade. Often the right flank of the wave, sweeping round and past the barrier, ran up with a wild leap against the front of the island itself, and in the recoil rushed back towards the isolated rocks, encountering the next incoming wave with a terrific shock and shooting up a great tongue or flame of spray and water which almost overwhelmed the defenders in the rear.

Along to my left the same battle raged, sometimes slackening and then suddenly being renewed, just like the attack of an army. Further still to the left the seas were curling and breaking over the hidden ledge, and, as they were raising themselves to fold over and burst, the light would catch the grass green of the thin aerated water just beneath the white crest with an effect indescribably fresh and beautiful. I put down my ear to the rock and heard the voices of the ocean urging on its hopeless suit in each fresh onset, with the deep retreating roar of its reluctant reproaches, and then a higher screaming and seething sob as if the lamentation of a lacerated love. Excuse these mixed metaphors of war and wooing, they both seem suggested and intermingled in this wondrous scene.

E. C. PAGET.

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TO THE SAME.

Broadstairs, Kent, June 29, 1897.

Many thanks, for the welcome letter which greeted me on my arrival here. The excellent story of Pat. Barry I read not long since, and it was doubtless all the more appreciated from the fact that our good doctor on board had accustomed us to the rich inflections of Hibernians. I cannot think how you adapt the spelling so as

to give, as your letter does, so vivid an equivalent to the eye of the real Irish brogue. I must now retort by a story which also is not only based upon but is solid fact. My cousin Eric, who lives here, told it us yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Stone, an old gentleman of some position, was for years a Master at Eton and then had a good preparatory school for boys here. A charming old gentleman, but very absent-minded, deaf, and apt to say the wrong thing to the wrong person. On one occasion he was travelling down to Exeter, and there was only one other man in his railway carriage. At one of the stations this man got out but left his travelling bag in the carriage. Just as the whistle sounded Mr. Stone caught sight of the bag. "Poor fellow," he thought, "he has forgotten it; he looks as if he were going out to dinner, and doubtless his dress suit is in that bag." By the time he had arrived at this natural inference the train was in motion. Not a moment was there to be lost, nor was there time to inquire of the guard, so the old gentleman, in the kindness of his heart, determined to spare his late companion du voyage the mortification of having to appear at dinner in his morning suit. Seizing the bag he heaved it up to the window and dropped it on to the platform just in time. Time went on (stations were passed, Mr. Stone read and dozed in happy contentment, and in the pleasing consciousness of his presence of mind and dexterity of action in the late perplexity. Another station is reached, and the good old man is roused from his nap by the door being opened:

he looks up sleepily—horror of horrors ! He beholds the identical young man once more calmly entering the carriage. He had but adjourned to a smoking compartment for an hour or so. Explanations followed more or less acrimonious; he *was* going out to dinner, and his dress clothes *were* in the bag, which now, through the well-meant act of Mr. Stone, was some sixty miles behind them, reposing in the parcels office !

We hope to start next Monday, July 5th, for Pontresina, Engadin, Switzerland, Hotel Steinbok, but "Post Office" is perhaps the best address.

All the jubilee jubilations have gone off without a hitch. Yesterday was perfectly lovely for the Queen's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace. She sat at the door of her tent sipping tea and eating strawberries in a very homely fashion.

Last Saturday my nephew and I went over by train to Herne Bay, about one-half hour by rail. Thence we walked through beautiful country across fields and through woods to Canterbury, in all about seven miles. Saw the grand historic points of interest, attended Evensong, at which Dean Farrar read the second lesson. Saw St. Augustine's College, part of which is very ancient, Ethelbert's tower and adjacent walls having Roman and Saxon work in them. We found there a very fine young fellow, a Canadian student, whose brothers I met in Hamilton, Ont. He was delighted to see friends from home, and showed us everything *con amore*. A card from Mr. Richman awaited us here, and I have written

to ask if they can meet us in Zurich next Tuesday, and perhaps accompany us for a short run into the Engandin.

I hope Dr. Riley is safe with you and well. Give him my love.

E. C. PAGET.

P.S.—Next Friday all the Bishops come down to Ebbsfleet near here, the traditional landing place of St. Augustine. We hope to be there and see the ceremonies commemorating the 1400th anniversary thereof.—E.C.P.

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TO THE SAME.

5 North Road, Alverstoke, Hants,

August 15th, 1897.

MY DEAR FRIEND—We have been spending a quiet two weeks here, interspersed with bathing and trips across to the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth Harbor, etc.

On Wednesday last I ran up to Bishops Waltham by train, and went to a country house called Wintershill Park to visit a man whom I met once or twice ten years or more ago up on a farm in Minnesota. Since those days he had been ranching in Washington and then out to the Cape and up to Mashonaland, where he was doing very well in business till the native rising of a year ago. He was keeping a store in a country district with only scattered white settlers about and a few who were working a mine. One morning a telegraph operator

hastened in to say he had seen a message go through from Salisbury to say the road was unsafe. This was the first and only intimation. There were hardly any European police in the country, and all they could do was to get as many together as were not shot down, including three ladies, to "The Alice Mine," on a hill, where they were besieged for three days by the Mashonas in great force. My friend, Mr. Archer Burton, saw the two telegraph operators shot down but fortunately they had at the sacrifice of their lives managed to get off a dispatch to Salisbury, and after three days a small detachment with a waggonette got through to them.

Mr. Nesbitt, who was in command, has since received the Victoria Cross. All the members of the party who had no horses packed into the carriage, which they partly strengthened with some sheet iron, and to this they owed their lives. For ten miles they had a running fight, Mashonas in the bush and tall grass firing at them all the time, and they replying as long as their ammunition lasted. Mr. B. could not speak in high enough terms of the courage of the three ladies, one of them a member of the Salvation Army whose husband had just been shot on his farm. Every little while a mule would be shot and they would have to stop and take it out of the harness. It was during this terrible drive that Mr. Burton was sitting on one side of the carriage trying to look out for the enemy, as all his own cartridges were gone, when he felt, as he described it to me, as if he had been struck a sharp hard blow on the side of the head.

just below the left ear, and was knocked out of the wagonette. Fortunately he did not lose his senses, but managed to seize hold of it, and they dragged him in.

All that night he lay at the point of death; indeed, some spoke of leaving him as dead, but the three women would not hear of it. What had happened was that a bullet had struck him just above the left jaw, passed completely through his face shattering the palate, and had come out just below the right eye, which for a time seemed blinded.

It was a terrible wound, and one from which few imagined he would recover. After nearly eight months in the hospital, however, he is able to be about and to do some work. There is quite a large hole in the cheek below the eye and he has to wear an artificial palate, but otherwise he seems to be getting quite strong and speaks of starting off for the Klondyke in the spring. He is the quietest and most modest kind of man, and I fancy displayed a good deal of pluck. One thing he told me incidentally showed at least grit.

After being struck, and with his mouth pouring with blood, and being quite unable to speak, he remembered that he had five cartridges in another coat pocket. He managed to get a scrap of paper and write on it this fact so that the others were able to find them.

From Wintershill in the course of the afternoon, I made my way over to Exton (where, you may remember, we spent the summer in 1890), and dined and slept there, returning to Alverstoke the next day. On the same even-



ing we had a most delightful visit from my old friend Bishop Richardson of Zanzibar, East Africa, who spent the night and following morning with us. He had a store of anecdotes of the Lambeth Conference which has quite recently closed. Especially was this the case with regard to Archbishop Temple, who seems to make an admirable chairman if rather imperious. In his own diocese of Zanzibar he gave us an interesting account of the recent bombardment. There are now good roads, or at least one good road, and ladies ride their wheels from Zanzibar to Ungani, the ladies' college. I asked him if in his visitations on the continent he had seen anything of the noble African lion. "Not face to face," he replied, "but once at Miaw (I do not answer for the spelling), the native who kindly lent me the house said, 'You had better shut the door and not go out till dawn, as there are a great many lions about here.'"

Well, a native house is just a hut of wattles, which a lion can see through, but the Bishop closed the door, and stuck a pole against it, so that his majesty would have to give a good push to get in. None tried that night. On his way to England for the conference the Bishop was able to make a short but interesting visit to Cairo and the Pyramids, and has given me three excellent photos which I hope to place in my album.

E. C. PAGET.

TO THE SAME.

Colorado Springs, October, 1898.

DEAR FRIEND—I left Miss Paget and my brother and family at Revelstoke, Canada, Thursday evening, September 29th, reached Victoria after a pleasant rail and boat journey, and spent a very pleasant Saturday and Sunday with my old friends the Wollastons there. Monday morning I left my boat, and reached Seattle at 5 p.m. I left at 5 a.m. the next morning, had two and a half hours in Tacoma, and raced over a good portion of the town between 6.30 a.m. and 8 a.m. on trollies and cables. Reached Portland at 2 p.m. During the afternoon I ascended the heights which are noble and covered with splendid residences. At the highest point a kind of tower-like building, inhabited mainly by pigeons, stands, and from the top of this there is a glorious view over the wide-spreading city and the valley of the Willamette. Descending I looked at several of the religious buildings. The Jewish synagogue seems by far the finest and most conspicuous. I found Mr. Garret's Church (formerly of Davenport), a fine large stone building. He was away at General Convention.

I left at 8 p.m. on the Overland Express in a very comfortable new tourist car or sleeper, only \$4.50 all the way to Colorado Springs. The next morning at 7 o'clock we reached Meacham. Here is a charming old log house hotel on the summit of the Blue Mountains, where one of the best breakfasts in the world, consisting

of rolls, broiled chicken and coffee, was awaiting us, smoking hot. A touch of backwood romance was added by a fine black bear chained close by. The whole of Wednesday was a long monotonous journey through the steppes of Oregon, brown and parched; they looked as if belonging to the surface of an extinct planet. Interesting it is true, but so desolate. A very genial R. C. priest, Fr. Moore of Le Grande, came in and paid me three social visits during the day, which helped to pass the time very pleasantly. He was on his way home to Nebraska for a holiday, his first in four or five years. He has a parish 100 miles in extent, and some fine gold mines in it. He showed a solid gold cross that hung on his watch chain which he had had made from a single nugget found in a mine and presented to him. He told some interesting and pathetic stories of his ministrations to the far away miners and ranchers, to whom he often rides from twenty to fifty miles across the prairie.

Thursday morning found us in much the same wild and barren looking country and by 9 a.m. we reached Ogden and by 10.30 Salt Lake City, where the tourist sleeper obligingly stopped over for ten hours. I had there a most interesting day.

The great Convention was going on and also the Mormon Conference. On reaching the celebrated tabernacle I found people crowding in for the opening of the same. I went in and found it fairly filled, and heard some very fine singing from the choir, and then the inauguration address from the new president, Lorenzen

Snow, not inappropriately punctuated at intervals by the ejaculations of sundry querulous babes. The gardens are beautiful, and the temple also, which stands in its own separate enclosure into which none but the Latter Day Saints are admitted, is really imposing and fine, though of no particular architectural merit. It is somewhat in the mosque or synagogue style with six lofty pinnacles, three at each end, and a great brass (or gold) angel on the top of the centre one towards the east. I rode out to Fort Douglas and then in the afternoon took the odd little train which starts in an out-of-the-way place from under the trees on one of the streets, down to the Great Salt Lake. A splendid salt sea breeze and a short but sharp dip in the briny made me feel much invigorated.

At lunch I had a very interesting talk with a man about the Mormons. He is in business there and very strong against them and against the efforts they make to boycott and crush the Gentiles where possible. Polygamy is still, he alleged, secretly prevalent among the Mormons, though nominally suppressed. It was very interesting to hear the judgment of an intelligent looking man who had lived there for several years. He said the prevalent type among them is the low peasant type of the most ignorant classes in Europe. You can see it in their faces. If the word goes out to oppose or down any man who is in business there, or any new man coming in, not a Mormon will trade with him, and this can damage him in a variety of ways. Though a minority in the City they are as 10 to 1 in the State.

I found my car about 7 p.m. We started on about 9 p.m. Friday passed going over the Rio Grande. Some parts are very wild and the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas is magnificent, but taking this crossing of the Rockies as a whole it cannot compare in grandeur with that of the C.P.R. from Banff onward. No high mountains are visible or snow peaks, and the greater part of the route is through high barren-looking valleys, flanked by fairly high hills that look as if they were of baked earth, so dry and arid do they appear. We were again over two hours late, and did not reach the Springs until 9 p.m. It was such a pleasure to be greeted by Harry Osborne, who is looking wonderfully stronger, and you can imagine my surprise and additional pleasure at finding Messrs. W. Burke and S. B. Cooke also on the platform, who had also kindly come down to meet me. Harry Osborne then accompanied me to the rectory, of which a Mr. Wagner, two doors off, brought me the key and turned on the electric lights. I found everything ready, and this house, although small, is comfortable.

Saturday was quite a busy day. I dined with Mr. Burke at his hotel in the evening, and Sunday everything went nicely; the service was bright and well attended, the church is not very large. Messrs. Burke and Cook took me for a lovely drive out over the Mesa Road to the Garden of the Gods, and back through Manitou. I saw them off on the train this afternoon and then went to Osborne's store to meet Archie Kennedy, who

is looking wonderfully well to my eyes, much tanned and brighter looking. We had a long chat. On Saturday we just missed. I went out to see him and he had come down to meet me.

The air here is dry and bright but quite different from Switzerland. Instead of being able to go so much without fatigue as one can in Switzerland, here a very little walk tires one more than in Muscatine, and so far I have not felt the air at all exhilarating, nothing, for instance, of the buoyant quality we found in Banff. The extreme dryness of the particles of dust constantly in the air seem to make the throat and eyes unpleasantly parched.

Last evening I had a very pleasant call from Arch-deacon Radcliffe, of Pueblo, who stayed chatting till 10.30 p.m. He was over to attend the funeral of Mr. Washburn, the rector of St. Stephen's Church here, who had recently died. While writing a ring came, and lo, behold, there was the celebrated Dean Hart of Denver, who had conducted the funeral this morning, and who kindly called in to see me with Dr. Stoltz. The Dean is much as I have pictured him, a tall, florid, enthusiastic man, warm-hearted, and not unlike Mr. Berry. He kindly promised to send me a pass to Denver and back so that I can run over and see the City, Cathedral, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Trout Lake, B. C., July 15, 1899.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—I write you from this pretty little mining town up among the Selkirks, above the end of a lovely lake twenty miles long, wood-girt, whose waters are as smooth as glass, and clear and cool. Hither I came with Fred. Butler from Revelstoke yesterday for the purpose of spending Sunday and giving the good people service. It will be the first Church of England Service ever held here. There seem to be a number of Church families here (when I say a number I mean about ten or twelve, for the whole population cannot be more than about 100 people at the present time). Now, list to my tale of adventure by flood and field. By dint of keeping one eye open a good part of Thursday night I rose in time to make a cup of cocoa and catch the 5 a.m. train to Arrowhead. This line of some twenty-eight miles runs through the bush down beside the Columbia River, by many a wild bluff and sharp curve to the head of Arrow Lake, which is a narrow strip of water some one hundred miles long. A hotel or two and about six shanties constitute the place. After an early breakfast I found out the one Church family here (which keeps the one store) and got from them the loan of a boat in which we paddled on the calm water for some time. It was such a treat to get on the water again. About 10.10

the little steam launch Lardeau started with a barge in tow, which caused the trip up the inlet to be quite a long one.

The scenery is really grand and lovely, and the intense stillness and clearness of the water, mirrored the snow caps and cliffs and trees, and presently the little variegated village of Comaplix, which hung down in a hazy outline of red, blue and yellow (a veritable water-colored landscape) in the lake. Thompson's Landing was reached about 12.30 p.m. I found it to consist of two little hotels, a livery, and about four cottages. There we dined, and planned to walk up here (fourteen miles) in the splendid courage which is begotten of distance from the scene of action, but we found the mid-day sun of British Columbia is not a thing to be trifled with; it is something blistering and terrific. The stage was starting and the enterprising proprietor kindly offered me a free ride, as I was going to hold service. The road up to Trout Lake is most beautiful as to its scenery. It winds up through the woods, along one side of the grand valley of the Lardeau until the watershed is reached and then descends upon Trout Lake. The scenery is sublime but the road is not, and the jolting which you receive during the thirteen-mile course leaves you in a highly disjointed condition. It was a real hot summer's day and little Trout Lake lay simmering in the sun when we arrived about 5 p.m. After tea, however, at the clean and comfortable little hotel, it was delightful to take a boat which the people kindly loaned



me and row out upon the placid sheet of clear water which stretches for twenty miles among the mountains. The evening was still and balmy; the crescent of the young moon was just sailing above the glacier-decked peaks, and all at once, looking up at the great snow-field I observed a strange effect of the departing sunlight. Some last rays falling upon a patch of the glacier's surface made it resemble a lovely pink coverlet spread upon a snowy sheet. Meanwhile the shades were deepening upon the lake and the overhanging masses of the forest, thronging down to the water's edge, threw a yet more sombre border about the picture. Away across the little bay the voice of a cataract was singing, breaking the evening hush. I pulled for the sound and gradually drew in under the black brows of the mountain side to find a little brook travelling out into the lake, and near it some deserted hut of trappers or prospectors. After being so long debarred from the water (this river, you know, is too impetuous for boating, and too ice cold for bathing), it seemed like a renewal of one of those lovely summer evenings on the Mississippi when we used to row up stream and float down again in the cool breeze under the stars. Mr. Taylor, the Government agent, was most kind and hospitable, and did all he could to assist me, and on Saturday I had quite a busy time looking up Church people and practising hymns and chants with them at the hall. We found time, however, for about two hours on the lake in the morning, but the sun was then a little too powerful.

Trout Lake itself is a new little village of about 100 residents, with many prospectors scattered about on the hills around. Near it are some gold mines and the C.P.R. and G.N.R. are both believed to be pushing a railroad from the south to this point. It may grow into quite a considerable place. One remarkable thing I must tell you about Trout Lake and also about the neighboring town of Ferguson, which would make them an eminent advertisement as health resorts. During the seven years of their existence there has been no death, and there is no cemetery in either place. I mean, of course, death from sickness or natural causes. Certainly I felt wonderfully well when there, and my voice was much stronger than it is here. On Sunday we had delightful services in the public hall (there is no Church in the place), and had a very good attendance. There were four baptisms at the morning service of children whose parents were glad to seize the opportunity of the Church Service. It was the first Church of England service ever held there, and many of the people had not been able to attend their own church for years, and were so delighted to join in it again. Monday morning (yesterday) I was up with the lark, and breakfasted a little after six. We found that the stage did not run that day, but the kind proprietor of the livery again insisted upon letting me have the use of two cayuses to ride to town.

So at 6.45 we mounted and rode forth from the hospitable little burg, and left it buried in its forests and

basking on its lake. In the cool morning air and on the amiable back of a gentle and swift moving cayuse, the ride down was a very different matter from the staging up, and the landing was reached about 10.45 a.m. The steam launch left at 11.30, staying an hour at Comaplix for dinner. On board was a most lively and precocious Canadian boy who told me that he travelled for his father once a week on a pass to Arrowhead and back. His father, it appears, keeps the little store at the Landing, and Colin goes down once a week for supplies. We had time to chat over all this, and for him to tell me about the rusty nail which ran right through his foot, and various other items of interest, while the Captain and Engineer were up at the hotel having their dinner. At intervals Colin (that is his name, and he is eleven years old), would run around the shed to see that the steam was not getting too high (for the engineer had left him with instructions to open a certain tap if the steam began to roar). Then we got under way again and had a most lovely steam down the North Arm between the high bluffs, and with a group of snow mountains right in front. There had been a cargo of flour on the last trip and a considerable residium had been left on the seats and sides of the Lardeau, so we all of us presented a miller-like aspect. I was up in the bow with the captain, who seemed to admire the scenery greatly. I noticed a little way ahead of us a big saw log floating, and should have warned him but that I supposed he saw it. He sat, however, gazing up at a par-

ticularly fine peak which we were passing, a magnificent rocky height towering up some 2,000 feet from the lake. I watched the log and the captain continued to gaze up contemplatively at the height, and suddenly we struck it (the log, not the mountain) with a crash! Such a shock! It made the boat quiver from stem to stern. You should have seen that captain jump up. "Oh, that's what comes of looking at the scenery," he plaintively remarked. In a few moments, determined to do his duty on the boat, he got up to turn the wheel round and in so doing knocked a little white package clean overboard without seeing what he was doing. At this time it would not be officious to call his attention to the fact, especially as it looked like an express package, which in fact it was. "Look out," I cried, "you have knocked that parcel over." He was greatly excited at this and stopped the boat at once and looking back we could see the white package in our wake bobbing upon the surface of the lake. In a moment the *Lardeau* was put about, and sweeping around like a hound on the scent she cut through the water in anxious pursuit. Would the white parcel float until we reached it? This was an anxious moment for us all. "Keep up for my sake," shouted Mr. Snodgrass to Mr. Pickwick, as he was struggling in the water, and the sentiments of the crew and passengers of the *Lardeau* were similar, if not openly expressed in the same ingenuous manner. Rapidly we bore down upon the doomed barque, steam was shut off, and the captain, now thoroughly put upon his mettle, did a fine piece of

steering. He grabbed at it and missed it, and grabbed at it and missed it again, but the old engineer with one well-directed scoop seized and landed the prize. All intact was the parcel, which was saved by the fact that the valuable contents (specimen ore) were packed in an airtight box. Thus knit together by a comradeship in such unusual events we parted at Arrowhead with mutual protestations of good will, and there had to broil for five hours in all the glories of a July afternoon in a frying pan. A fine swim in the bay was something of a distraction and then I discovered three friends; two men and the wife of one of them, sitting in a scow which they had found derelict in the lake and were repairing. Here on the water it was a little more tolerable, and we sat and chatted about ocean liners. One of the men had been a steward on several of the big liners, the St. Louis, New York, and others. So we had a real nice time. After tea the big boat came up the lake from the south and the train prepared to start. It is an hour and a quarter's run and we supposed ourselves to be at the end of all our adventures. Far from it. The train pulled out on time, 7.45, due in Revelstoke at 9, and ran along gaily for about 45 minutes, then stopped. Enquiry elicited the fact that the bridge ahead of us was on fire. Going outside we beheld the country round all ablaze. The forest fires have been raging in this section of late, and on either side of the track we could see the flames spreading and running up the trunks and limbs of some monarch cedars, till they blazed like gigantic torches. The even-

ing was still, but the mosquitoes were not. They made up for our inactivity by their bright and brave endeavors to keep our thoughts from dwelling too much upon the fate that awaited us. For an hour we stood, then backed about a mile, and stood again. The report was that a man had been sent to walk back four miles to telegraph. However, after a bit we started backing again, and after, as it seemed, about an hour of retrogradation ran into Arrowhead once more. Numerous people had been speculating on making their connections east and west. The conductor would not commit himself but the engineer boldly asserted that we should make connections all right. So I took a berth in a sleeper, and in about an hour, I think, having collected men and implements, we started out again. I have but a vague recollection after that of a run out then a long silent pause, then of the engine backing on again, and then of our running on swiftly and regularly. It was light, the pale light of early morning, when at 3 a.m. we landed in Revelstoke and walked up home in the cool sweet morning air. Well, I have inflicted a big prose upon you, but you need not read more than you care to.

E. C. PAGET.

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P.S.—I forgot to mention a delightful walk which we took on Saturday evening. This was up the trail through the forest which leads to Ferguson, a mining town, some four miles above Trout Lake. The road re-

minded me so much of a Swiss one. It runs along above the boiling torrent of the Upper Lardeau, rising by successive curves amid the cedars and pines into wilder and more romantic scenery. All was silent save for an occasional horseman who cantered past us on his way up or down. The woods are rich in flowers and in berries, and the wealth of ferns is something to dream of.—  
E. C. P.



Inscription on the Clock of Carfax Church,  
Oxford.

"Horæ periunt et imputantur."

"The hours are dying as you list my chime.  
Too swift devour'd by voracious Time.  
Remember as you mark the moments flee  
To live in Time as for Eternity.

"Recording Angel, stay thy anxious pen,  
Nor note each lapse and frailty of men.  
The hours that in our dreaming sloth we lose,  
The hours that we all wilfully misuse,  
These hours are lost, we cannot bid them stay,  
Impute them not, O Lord, in that dread Day."

—Calgary, 1908.

THE END.

